

THE
SOUL OF THE EAST

CHARLES G. FALL



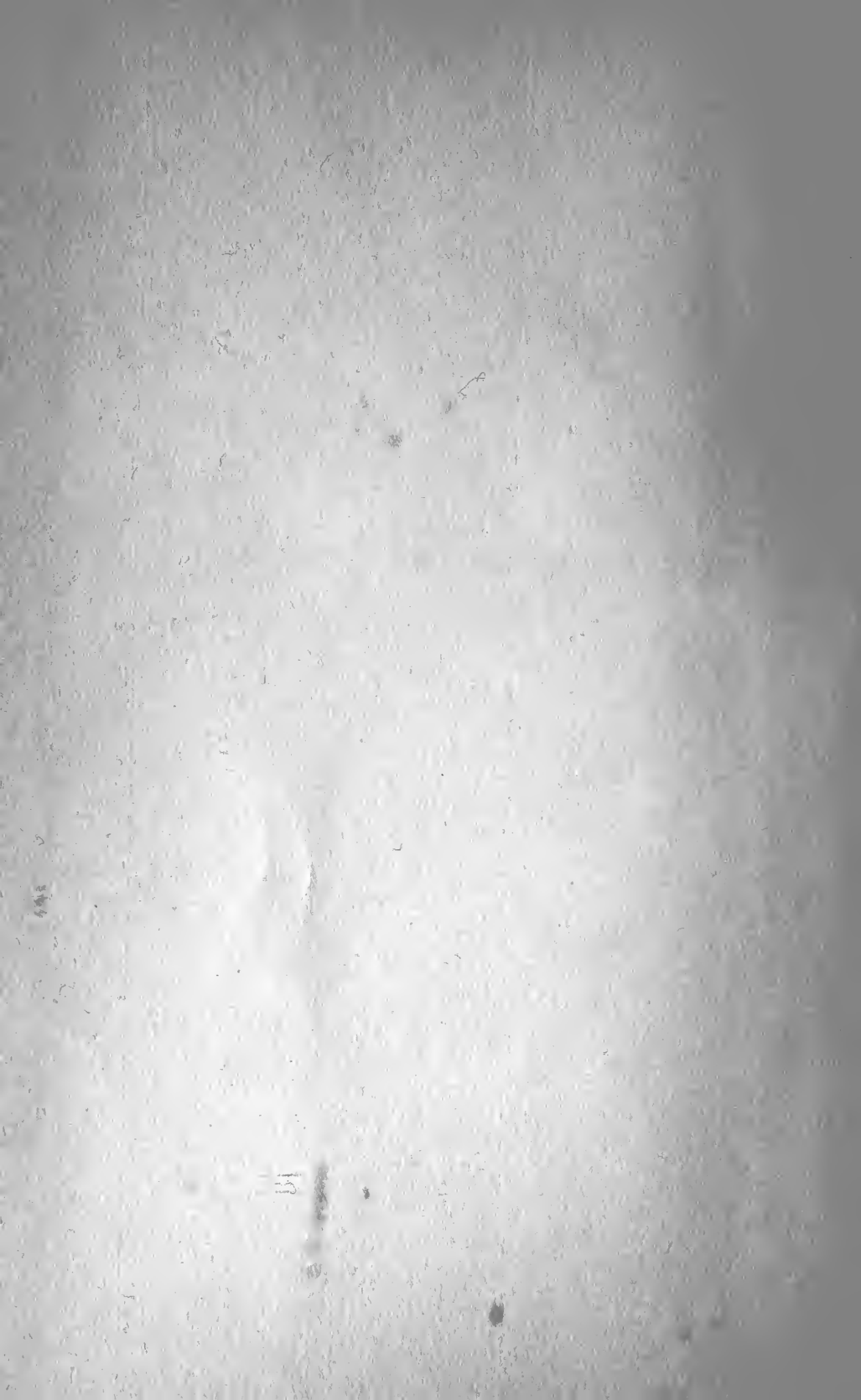
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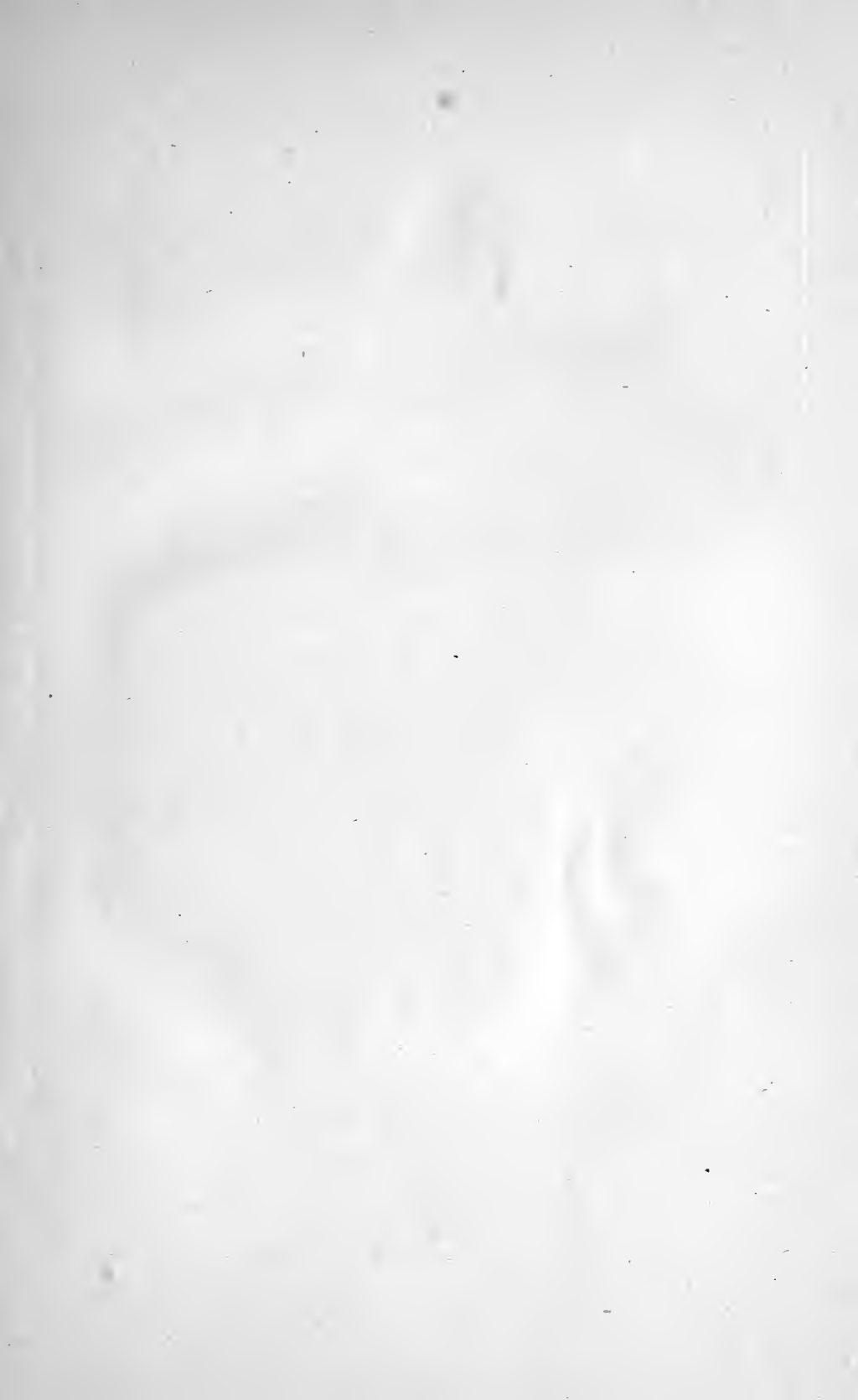
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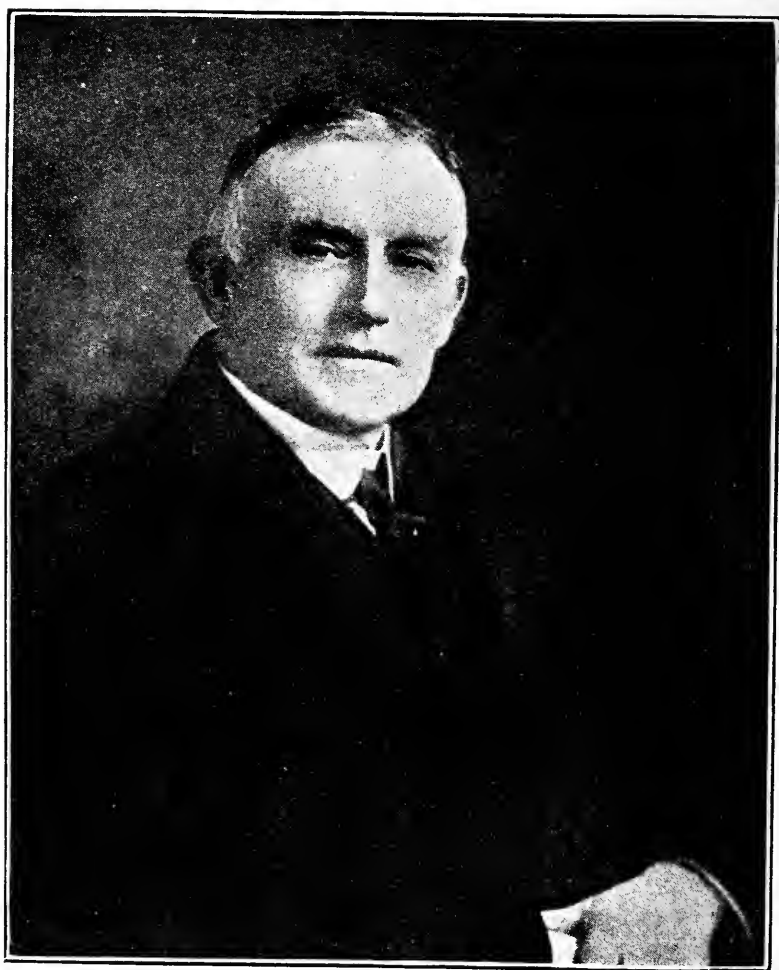




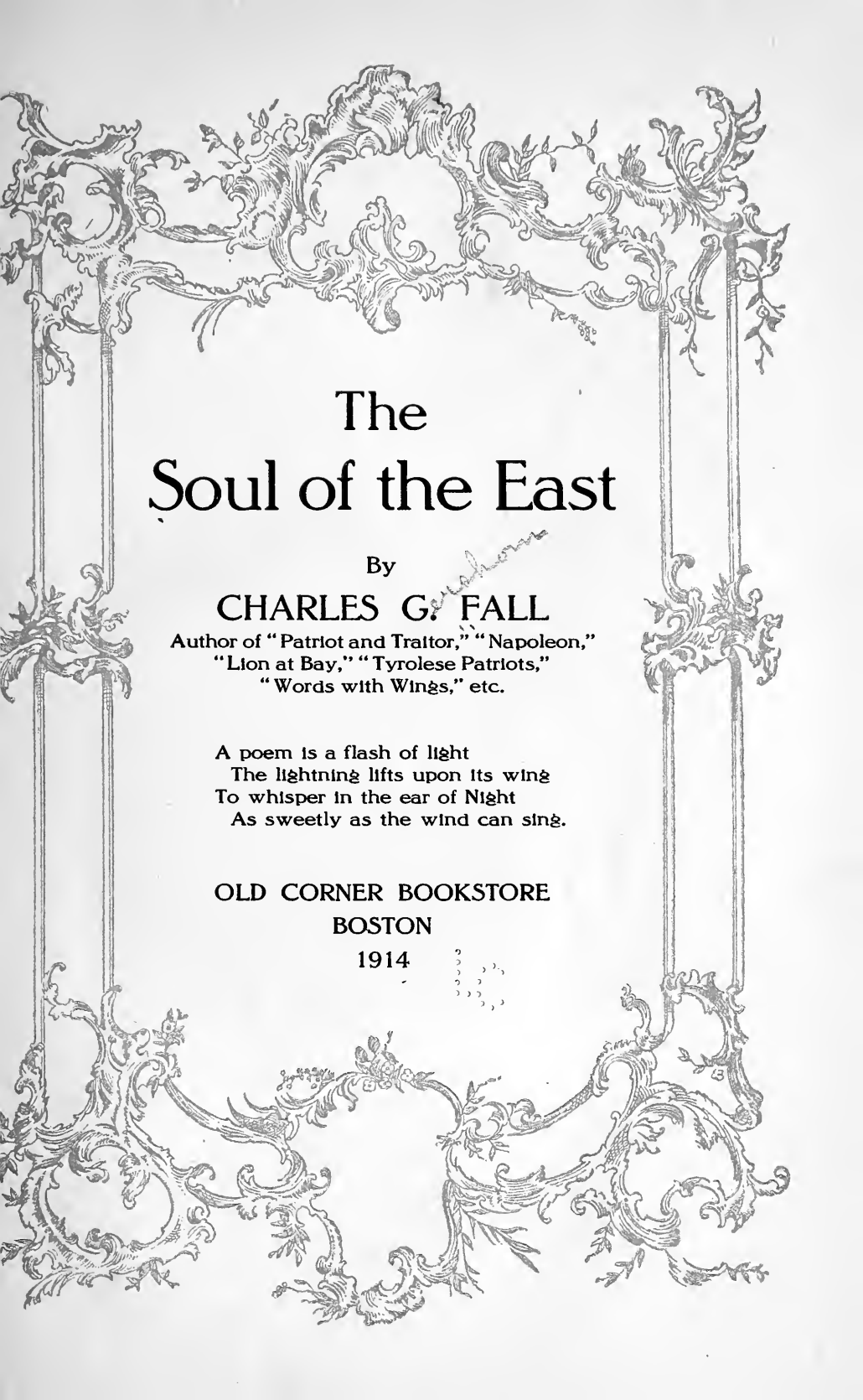
THE SOUL OF THE EAST







Chas. G. Fall



The Soul of the East

By

CHARLES G. FALL

Author of "Patriot and Traitor," "Napoleon,"
"Lion at Bay," "Tyrolese Patriots,"
"Words with Wings," etc.

A poem is a flash of light
The lightning lifts upon its wing
To whisper in the ear of Night
As sweetly as the wind can sing.

OLD CORNER BOOKSTORE
BOSTON

1914



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THE TAJ MAHAL

THOU Soul of the becowled and mystic East
Which thought in symbols and so prayed!
Fair saint within a cloister's close!
Eternity's pale bride!
At your wan nuptials Love was priest
And wed a beauty ne'er can fade;
Fair Faith and Priestcraft honor-maid
And brought the glamour of the rose,
Aye, Art and Nature to your side.
You are the Koh-i-noor of fanes,
All loveliness beside yours wanes,
No fairer lily blows.

Night's Queen is kissing India's Queen, —
An ecstasy of love! — her smiles
Imprinting on her cheeks a sheen
A bridegroom's amorous wiles
Will press upon his pride;
Or Cupid, Psyche by his side.
'Twas twenty thousand and in twenty years
Could wake to life this parthenon of art;
And for no swain whose eyes were founts of
tears;
'Twas Shah Jahan here shrined his Mumtaz'
heart!

ALMOST THE CZAR

YON pin-pricks in the charted skies
That flicker like great fireflies
But are great constellations' eyes
Exalt our souls to awe;
How wondrous is that magic law
Can draw with its magnetic hand
Each planet to its sister sphere —
Frail phantoms ruled by wizard wand! —
And yet they through the air career,
Outrun, outweigh our whirling land
As mountains outweigh sand.

The love of nature is a daily feast: —
To see Aurora bathe in Bengal Bay;
Victoria churn into a seething yeast
A continent of tideless seas;
On Caucasus to watch the birth of Day;
On Gornergrat to feel that arctic breeze —
The child of Alpine glaciers — freeze your cheek:
These awful grandeurs make frail man so meek!

Behold Yosemite's Tartarean pit!
The Geysers hurl aloft their boiling spumes!

ALMOST THE CZAR

Then southward turn your feet; with Night
come sit

Where down the canyon Colorado fumes!
Upon the Andes take the Morning's hand
And let it lead your eyes from peak to peak!
Then on Darjeeling's battlements come stand
And meet great Kinchinjunga face to face!
You seem with Mother Nature's self to speak;
Then man — a fly-speck! — seems a part of space.

'Tis nectar to a godlike soul!
That man whose mind does not expand
As glen and glacier, lake and land
Before its opening eyes unroll,
And promontories, peaks unfold
Till Earth commingles with the sky
And God on chariot wheels rolls by,
Is not of hero's mould.

Almost the Czar! A few more feet
And Kinchinjunga — but a name
Our knees with mild obeisance greet —
Had worn the coronet of fame
And been Creation's Sovereign-Lord,
And not the squire who bears the sword;

Princes and Wise Men from the East
Had brought frankincense and fine gold
And spread them at an Emperor's feast;
And shepherds, too, had left the fold

ALMOST THE CZAR

To kneel before his gorgeous throne
And count his praise their monarch's own;
While near him and within his frown
Stood babies bigger than Mont Blanc;
And, like some fathers, he looked down
On children ranged in rank.

This morn while mooning in an idler's bed
Fair courtiers toil with blistered feet
To place a wreath upon the true Czar's head
And with obeisance this world's sovereign greet
And kiss the hand of Everest
While his proud vassals round him prest.

But I, Great Vassal, am content
Within your court to bend the knee;
Your earldom seems a continent
Where man can wander fancy-free.

Big brother of the Andes and the Alps!
As now your worshipper before you stands
And sees the clouds unveil your grisly scalps,
The Sun-God lay upon your head His hands;
And down yon canyon the fierce torrent hears
That southward, seaward bears the glaciers' tears;
The volleying thunder rumble down the glen
When some black avalanche engulfs a fen,
Ah! hears the Storm-King rage, the forests sigh,
His heart calls proudly: There's a God on high.

THE BOY SCOUTS

WHY rob the cradle for the Gorgon's feast?
Are there not men enough who love their
home?

Shall Abram slay his son like some wild beast
Whose dripping jaws across the jungle roam?

Why feed such panting hearts on human blood?
Our cosset lambs should learn to love the milk
Of kindness, learn those arts can dam the flood
Of sin black Moloch vomits and his ilk.

We are not Turks! this is no Pagan Age!
If we have grabbed more than our hands can keep,
Surrender some! come, let no glutton's rage
Bind Innocence upon the Minotaur to sleep!

Our pilferings, some, are not worth their cost;
Why turn our hearths to shambles in defending?
'Twere better if some battles had been lost
And better if some enmities were ending!

Does gratitude come home on every breeze
Which blows from Indian wastes and coral zones?

A BATTLE OF THE GIANTS

Or drop like autumn apples from the trees
Where many a red-cheeked boy has laid his bones?

Shall merry England be a lion's lair
And gleam with bayonets and whetted teeth?
And shall the war-winged bugle rend the air?
And shall the sword be never in its sheath?

And all for this? A few more roods of earth?
A few more black men? few more ships to man?
A few more hearts that hate us from their birth?
A dagger at our throats each mile we span?

A BATTLE OF THE GIANTS

SEVEN hundred thousand men! two thousand
guns

Shouting defiance in each other's ears!
Oceans of smoke that freight the air by tons!
What volleying musketry the Sunrise hears!

And when the dead are piled like swaths of grain
And Thraldom's myrmidons are Murder's food,
A stillness like primeval solitude
Or surges silenced by a pelting rain

Drenches the field. Tramping for days, the ranks
Of Nogi's men fall on the Russian flanks

PORT ARTHUR'S HILL OF BLOOD

Like cyclones bidden to a Cyclops' feast
Or hungry hounds that chase a bated beast;

A crunch! a groan! a rush of spouting blood!
A silence like the maelstrom at its flood!

PORT ARTHUR'S HILL OF BLOOD

TWAS here men fell as gouts of rain will pelt
A panting field; into death's maw they fell
As wheat will choke a mill! they died and felt
No pang! here on this hill the fumes of Hell

Burnt men to crisps as Desolation's flame
With cyclones blisters Afric's panting plain;
No time for prayer! too deadly is death's aim;
Nor thought of home! too soon their pulses wane;

Yet of that twenty thousand all saw day
In homes where mothers loved them as their life;
O God! that some one, sweetheart, sister, wife,
Had closed these eyes and drunk their dying ray!

Do they not somewhere wait the rising Sun?
Can they not somewhere hear sweet Freedom's gun?
Take off your shoes! on heroes' graves you tread!
This is an altar; kneel and bare your head!

WHEN CHINA WAKES

WHEN CHINA WAKES

WHEN China wakes
And life's elixir takes,
And cuts her hair,
And puts on science's shoes,
And knows that in republics men can choose;
And learns self-rule and Freedom's ritual
That all are sovereigns, one law governs all;
Can marshal soldiers like that endless horde
That Xerxes led across the Golden Ford,
Beware! Beware!

The Manchu is no more;
'Tis Liberty sits on the Dragon Throne,
'Tis her loud pæans ring from hill to shore
And by each brook and breeze are preached;
The Great Wall has been breached;
That mountain nymph has found her own.

Welcome, O Bloody-Fingered Morn!
'Tis Night you slew when your red horn
Roweled his sleeping sides, and Freedom's gleam
Shattered his shield with Light's celestial beam.

WHEN CHINA WAKES

For forty centuries she grew
And multiplied by Nature's law,
Not conquest; and if dynasties were true
The face of Plenty 'twas she saw;
If false, she shed them as a snake his skin
And sought by other kings Prosperity to win;
'Twas Buddha and Confucius were her law,
Their creeds the shibboleths she knew;
'Tis armies breed big armies; they are hostages
To Fortune, feeders of mad jealousies!

Great nations live by virtues; and these sons
Of Liberty, new born, are virtuous;
Their stream of life still runs
Through banks are sedge-grown, tortuous,

Like her great river, Asia's Amazon,
But bears within its breast a benizon:
To be unfilial, be unbrotherly,
Disloyal or untrue, to feel no shame
For sin, and love not honesty and truth,
Are crimes to-day as in great Huanti's times;
Aye, for all ages have been crimes.

Since Kubla Khan led on her centuries
She hugged the heart of Peace; no need
Of conquest and that curse of nations, greed;
When we fed swine her sons were Mercuries
Of Liberty's democracies;

WHEN CHINA WAKES

How blest the land where Moloch is despised
And arts that civilize are prized!

Four hundred millions! no, not dead, alert:
Alive to trade and thirsting for the stream
Will turn its mill; what can avert
These eager eyes and their electric beam?
And will they love their own? and will they fight
For wife, for kindred and the homes they made?
These men are monarchs now; this light
That feeds their eyes will never fade!

Upon a few frail backs now rests a load
That none has borne since Hercules
For Atlas bore aloft this world;
Do ye love country more than self?
And Freedom's triumph more than self?
Then gird their loins and stay their hands!

For let them fail, an empire falls, —
Our quadruple! — and Thralldom shouts,
Hyenas laugh, kings lick their chops,
The hand upon the clock of Time
Grows gray with mildew's rime.
The double-headed vulture is now poised
In air; compelled to vomit up one prey,
He craves its brother; and has grown so huge
By swallowing manikins and washing down
His gluttony with blood of his own sons.

A FEAST AND FUNERAL

Blood! Blood! Half Tartar and half cannibal,
He must have men to eat and blood to drink.

But ye who seek her treasure,
Be sure ye take her measure.

A FEAST AND FUNERAL

AT Tusculum when April glows
The daffodil, narcissus blows;
The woods are bowers of fresh perfumes!
Then crocus' tender feet begin
To crawl from graves the Sun exhumes;
And every bird and floweret knows
The winter wind has shed his skin.

On such a day — it was the day
That April kist the hem of May —
I took a friend who loved to stray
And sing, betimes, a woodland lay;
That friend? — he was my inner self! —
And many a shady, sunny walk
And many a merry, cheery talk
My heart has had with that dumb sylph.

And all the way across the hill
That sylph and I could drink our fill

A FEAST AND FUNERAL

Of dews and fragrance, shade and sun ;
And we could walk or we could run
Or sit and muse beside a rill
With none to ask the reason why ;
Could watch the lark climb up the sky
And from his airy aerie cry
A truce to trouble, want and woe
And all the goblin herd below .

Who think you 'twas we met that day
While gamboling along our way ?
Perhaps it was some woodland faye ?
True ! Tityrus, my school-day friend
Whom Virgil brought to shake my hand !
Yes, he was sitting by a brook
And had his cloak and shepherd's crook,
And had a score or more of sheep ;
And some were feeding, some asleep, —
All children of that happy band
That Virgil saw in this same land ; —
And Tityrus had brought his flute
That had for fifty years been mute,

At Tusculum, where Tully had his home, —
As sweet a singer as e'er sung of Rome ! —
And where that glorious galaxy of men
Assembled to discuss the scope and ken
Of eloquence, a score of red-cheeked boys,
Young patriots and Italy's fond hope,
Were waving flags and shouting out a song ;

A FEAST AND FUNERAL

An old man watched them as they romped along
And with a glistening eye bepraised their joys;
Though seeming in the mildewed past to grope.

He saw me, saw my wistful eye;
“When I, too, was a beardless elf
I had no country and no patriot shrine;
No mother’s heart could hear my plaintive cry;
This land was Plunder’s den, ’twas Greed and
Pelf
Were King and Queen; yes, ’twas the Church’s
mine;
Its jails were shambles for her sons; these ways,
So fair, ran blood at times — and all for naught.
But now, ah, now no longer prays
For Aphrodite’s kiss upon her lips!
I had two brothers who her freedom bought
With life, oh, could they see what my eyes see!
See Italy a matron, strong and free.
A matron? nay, a goddess with a sword
And shield, who calls no tyrant lord;
But all sing songs of sweet accord!”

My heart re-echoed that glad cry;
I fear a tear stood in my eye.

A PEERAGE OR THE ABBEY

NOW for a peerage or the Abbey! said
Great Nelson as the battle was begun;
A title or a halo for his head
Is the mirage allures so many a son.

A gewgaw, maybe, and a tinsel crown
The country lays upon a faithful hind;
But we are human and we cannot frown
On this infirmity of all mankind.

They died for others, they who took the pass,
And Lacedæmon wore a tinsel crown;
And on the field of Waterloo the grass
Is tinsel, but no scythe can cut it down;

And Britain sends her great proconsuls out
To victories of sword and tongue and pen;
Where is the scorpion who dares to flout?
Come, Cobra, show us where to match these men!

A frailty of the mind! a lover's sigh!
But heroes' hearts are only Manhood's child;
See Nelson put the glass to Fear's blind eye
And save a nation from a woodman's wild!

A HINDU LEGEND

A HINDU LEGEND

I LIKE that Hindu legend says the stars
Are dead men's souls and shine through Time's
long night;

And says the good God made us never bars
His loving children from the realms of light;

And says the stars of magnitude are souls
Who loved their fellows best while here on earth;
And says there is no hamlet here but holds
Sons of eternal love, immortal birth;

And that there is infinity of space
For all, both great and small, who love the right;
And those who ran but fainted in the race
Are stars who veil their faces from our sight.

A BATTLEFIELD OF NATIONS

HERE Britain stood and battled for a realm;
She won, else that grim hand that held the helm
Had tost an empire to the kites and crows;

Ye Fates, who weigh the nations in your scales!
'Tis here your beam was poised, yes, dropt and rose
Till blood, the blood of saints alone avails.

Your balances here blinked like fireflies
When Night has strangled Day and not a star
Nor ray of hope could guide the captain's eyes;
But God then spoke! the great ship crossed the bar.

Fair Delhi's plains for ages were dead fields,
Were deserts, paved with bones; a hundred fights
Have built these barriers we see for shields;
What giant sepulchers enthrall our sights!
As many cities peopled once these plains
As Troy could boast; but kindly Indian suns
With verdure robe them, healing Ruin's pains;
Ah! with what speed the foot of Nature runs!

And guarding these sad shrines is Minar's Kutab,
A tower of Victory outshines Vendome;
A fairy necromance of good Queen Mab
Which dwarfs in grandeur those tall shafts of Rome.

A ROMAN FUNERAL

A ROMAN funeral; and smother me with flowers!
And come and walk with me unto my lonely
grave;

Where Pan will weave of evergreens his shepherd
bowers

And where my soul can hear Old Ocean's pealing wave.

My pillow, may it be some silent, sun-kist hill
Where fauns and fairies gambol day and night;
A font near by where nightingales can drink their fill;
A cross to tell life's tale; a pine of friendly height;

And come, My Love, sometimes, — 'tis here your chil-
dren lie, —

And bring us roses, sit and hold our spirit hands
As in the days when soul lit up the sightless eye;
Forget us not! for in whatever alien lands

We roam, be sure that fond Expectancy will wait
Your coming as the bridegroom waits his long-loved
bride,

And as your children, when sweet Cynthia came late,
At eventide sat watching by the fire's side.

WONDERLAND

UPON some autumn night,
After a week of storms,
When the empyrean is a crystal sea
Sparkling with phosphorescent light,
Have you, when wandering through some colonnade
Of monarchs canopied with constellations,
Ne'er wondered why those worlds were made?

Are they the fancies of a Titan brain,
His shuttlecock and whirling top?
Those globes that stagger comprehension
With a dome quadrillion miles across,
Are they Jehovah's play and sport?
Are Sirius — that hundred suns! —
Millions of gems star-gazers see
For naught except to dazzle our rapt eyes
And feast a Godhead's whim?

This earth ten thousand centuries have made
So sages say; how many since our age?
Since Man crawled on the ground? we swam the
sea?
Were urchins clinging to Old Ocean's flanks?
What æons since we men were mollusks?

WONDERLAND

But if those stars for some design exist,
Will ne'er the glaze be lifted from our eyes?
What! must we grope like sightless snails
Across Atlantic's dungeon floor?

Why should not Man progress? Why stop
Ere telescopic eyes and ears
And senses, quickened, magnified,
Have made red Mars a neighbor's hearth?

Why should we not outgrow these limitations —
How wondrous is our march since we were
prawns! —
And learn the planets' use and talk with moons
and stars?

Have we not chained the continents
And learned to walk the sea and air
Were once such fathomless enigmas?

Hyperion, come! great sire of earth and sun!
Come, Father, wash the scales from our blind eyes
And shoe our feet with wings that we may run
Beside Apollo's chariot through the skies!
Teach us the song the spheres have learned to chant!
Our spirit footsteps on the zodiac plant!

MY PIGEONS

MY PIGEONS

I COUNTED thirty-five just now
Careering through the tideless sea;
They are all homers, and their home
Is dear to them as mine to me;

And no lead messenger e'er shrieks
Their requiem; 'tis Nature speaks
And bids them with the whirlwinds roam
From Lion's Head to Plymouth's foam.

I love to hear their whirring wings,
Glinting like Dawn upon the waves;
'Tis Freedom in their cycles sings,
'Tis Freedom's breath their plumage laves!

Can ye be spirits from that other world?
The souls of saints have died in other days
Whose pinions that grim dragon, Death, has
furled?
Ye have such soulful eyes and girlish ways!

And if ye are, oh, tell me! tell me true —
Where dwell the souls of the enhaloed dead?
Are they, like you, careering through the blue?
And they, too, on ambrosial ether fed?

THE VOLUNTEERS AT JANINA

Then go and whisper in Alcestis' ear
And bid him come to me, come in my dreams
And kiss me once again and let me hear
That voice that like St. John's so often seems!

Go find him! find him wheresoe'er he be! —
No sweeter seraph roams the soulful skies! —
And ask him does he still remember me,
And tell him how I long to feast mine eyes!

THE VOLUNTEERS AT JANINA

CHARGE! charge, ye Greeks! To Hell with
fear!

'Tis love, dear love, has brought you here:
Ye are not conscripts, volunteers!
And Glory's pæan thrills your ears!

And ye know well Thermopylae,
For there your fathers would be free,
And oft have trod Olympia,
E'er hungering for America:

Hungered ye have for many an age
And gnashed your teeth with freemen's rage;

DARJEELING

Ye now are on Epirus' heights,
Be steady, lads; home is in sight.

Forget, no, never! heroes' eyes
Look down from aeries in the skies,
And scimitars five hundred years
Have drunk your blood and scorned your tears;
Now wipe them from your mother's cheek!
Let bayonets and shrapnel speak!

Fear not yon serpent sons of Cain!
Who was it raped Athena's maid,
Your Parthenon — and all for gain! —
Your dead in Ceramicus laid?

Who drove from Salamis Aegea's fleet
And bade you kiss the Bastard's feet?
Charge, sons of Sparta! charge, brave Greeks!
Wipe out the curse! 'Tis Freedom speaks!

DARJEELING

UPON Darjeeling's frowning front, —
Her eyes embrace a continent
Of crags and peaks have borne the brunt
Of storms eternity has sent! —

DARJEELING

And near our porch there stands a tree
Which is the nightly resting-place
Of kites whose hearts are fancy-free
But love this monarch's wrinkled face.

To see them course across the sky
And hither wend their eager wings
As tired children homeward fly
As soon as twilight's cricket sings!

No matter who, no matter when,
This giant welcomes to his breast
Whoever comes from scarp or fen,
Maláku or from Everest.

Some years ago I toiled all day
To climb the pass of St. Bernard,
At dusk I braved the watch-dog's bay
And my lame legs begged watch and ward;

'Twas mine! for never traveler
Has pulled in vain that leathern latch;
The waif and wreck and wanderer
From Gorgon jaws they often snatch.

And so when our short day shall end
And skies shall don their crimson hue,
Whatever fortune Fate may send,
May we find rest within the blue!

OUR YOUNG KING

O Thou can hear the raven cry,
Give us a Charity can fly,
A heart can weep when women sigh,
A penny for a wistful eye!

OUR YOUNG KING

WHEN our young King was on his
throne

No green of envy stained my face;
Ere long our King would have his own,
And we were tired of life's race.

But now, ah! now, I scarce can see
A rabbit cuddling up his child,
A squirrel climbing up a tree
To feed his young within our wild,

But my wan face grows livid green
And Envy's tooth consumes my soul
That I cannot my plumage preen
And sip the nectar from their bowl.

SMILES BUT SAD HEARTS

THERE was an actor once —
A sad and tempest-smitten man! —
Who worshipped for the nonce
At Thalia's shrine, and sought to fan
The woes away that gnawed his heart
By laughter bred of Thespian art;

But still he pined beneath his grief,
And called the leech to his lone bed
And told his agonies in brief
To learn if naught could lift his head
From Melancholy's slough
And wipe the care-stains from his brow.

The leech could give no remedy
Save to divert the mind,
Bade him to Thalia's shrine proceed
And on this actor's smiles to feed;
His quips and quirks go see!
Alas, he said, *but I am he.*

PANDORA

A COUNCIL in Elysium of sages
That know the frets and flatteries of Fortune
And hear their plaudits echoed by the Ages!
Their theme, the fairest fate that falls to Man.

Minos — he built a prehistoric state —
Vied with the Forum's King in praise of Sovereignty: —

To mould a nation, forge its laws and bend
Untutored millions to your tutored will;
To silence Envy, stay Reaction's tide,
'Twixt Mammon and mad Moloch steer the state
And read your recompense in loving eyes —
This is the best Pandora's box supplies —
But always with a dagger crying, Hold!

But Pericles and Gorgias declared
A tongue of gold is Fortunatus' gift: —
For he who stands upon the Pnyx and speaks
The burning words will kindle conflagrations
And be a lesson to all After-Time,
A trumpet to re-echo round the globe
And lift the bondman to the freeman's perch —
He folds against his breast Pandora's head —
Though always Hate and Envy shake his bed.

PANDORA

But Midas — golden-fingered ! — thought that art
Can turn whate'er it touch to gold ;
Build monarch-palaces ; buy provinces ;
Drag millions captive at his chariot wheels ;
Can gild the victor's sword or hold in leash
The wolves of war ; bid princes, potentates
Come bathe his feet with tears ; can fill
The mouths of hungry generations ; tie
The feet of Conquest — he is Fortune's favorite —
Though Wealth has wings and harpies 'round him
flit.

Not so ! the Conquerors said, young Macedon
And he who held Olympian Rome
Captive at Capua a score of years : —
Come see me stride across a prostrate world
To where proud Indus pours her tawny floods !
See Greece and Egypt, Persia, India
My sandal-bearers, and their princesses,
Darius' daughters and the Pharaohs' pride,
My cup-bearers ! tiaras, jewels
Pour in my lap from cornucopias
Those petty Khans for centuries were filling !
Where can Pandora match this fame ?
My banquet-hall outstares old Karnac's feasts —
But Envy, Treason, haunt me like wild beasts.

Homer and Virgil lift aloft their flag,
A crimson banner in a wintry sky ! —

PANDORA

And tell of Orpheus and Eurydice
And the seraphic voice of Poesy: —
All people since the Sun
Have sat in wonder at her feet
And drunk her battle-hymns, her tales
Of arms — forgotten save the Muses sang! —
But now she wanders barefoot through the land.
My oaten pipe finds none will shake its hand,
For Midas' brother now is charioteer,
And Cræsus rides beside to help him steer.

'Twas Motherhood now spoke: —
Cornelia rose, — and with her rose the Gracchi, —
The Scipios' daughter, in whose channels coursed
The bluest blood since Day was born of Time.
So softly did she speak all craned their ears
To catch each drop her soul distilled.
One sentence! that was all! These are my jewels! —
But Minos and the Conquerors bowed their heads
To think the assassin's dagger drank their blood.

Lo, Plato stands while Aristotle speaks: —
Philosophy has not such gems as Love;
Nor has she such a clarion voice as War;
Nor are her sandals gold; nor does her tongue
Distill the wine of Helicon;
Her face is ashen from her midnight toil;
Her vestments, too, are but the palmer's garb;
Pale Charity and Temperance, her sons.

THE TOWERS OF SILENCE

But Leisure is her hand-maid, and her eyes
Are on the rolling spheres and Man's true worth;
All Knowledge is her realm; the Good and Great
Of Past and Present are her boon-companions.

*A golden leisure, zeal all Art to scan,
This is the fairest gift that falls to Man.*

THE TOWERS OF SILENCE

A S beautiful as Dawn
When gliding o'er Abuta's height
Upon auroral wings of light!
As gentle, too, as any fawn;
As graceful as a bird in flight;
A jewel of delight!

And as I watched her airy tread —
She scarcely walked, nor did she run —
I wondered if she touched the sod;
A fire-worshipper, she said,
A Parsee, and the Sovereign Sun,
The Lord of Fire, was her God.

.
A week has fled; and now I stand
Beside the Silent Towers of Death;
And vultures now are hovering round;
And something says that Dastard Hand

BENEATH THE SOUTHERN CROSS

Has choked this fairy spirit's breath
And dragged her to this burial ground;

And that these devils now I see
Have torn her heart out, stripped her flesh,
And plucked and picked this vestal's bones
And left her like a stricken tree —
So Moslems raped fair Judah's mesh! —
And stark she lies upon these stones.

BENEATH THE SOUTHERN CROSS

THE moon is dancing upon Bengal Bay,
Her silver footprints dimpling every wave;
We sit and watch the flying fishes play
And dolphins leaping from the grave.

On such a night did Cynthia unveil
Her chastity before the staring stars,
And nymphs, at play within the startled dale,
Thought Venus was awaiting Mars.

Ye children of the Northern Star, rejoice;
Aye, pity those who swelter 'neath the Cross, —
Misfortune's vassals! — for they had no choice
But on the burning zone must toss.

A MIGHTY EMPIRE

See China's millions frying in the sun,
Herded like ants along the equator's lee!
Did e'er an Aztec such a gauntlet run,
Or break his back for such a fee?

And see the Hindu reach to pluck a thorn
From out the hedgerows of a parching plain
And kiss with blistered lips the cheek of Dawn,
And count it joy to bear the pain!

And Egypt see, make bricks, but with no straw,
A pittance beg of Father Nilus' flood,
And weigh her toil by Hunger's cruel law: —
A grain of wheat, a drop of blood!

Oh, ye were born beneath a halcyon sky
And live where Alpine tramontanas blow,
Sing pæans as ye lift your heads so high!
Ye reap the seed ye did not sow.

A MIGHTY EMPIRE

CYCLOPEAN empire! Crumbling? No!
But needs to be cemented, needs the bands
Of love drawn tighter and the hands
Across the sea clasped closer and the flow

A MIGHTY EMPIRE

Of loyalty confined in clearer channels. Think,
A quarter of the world! The Night forgets
'Tis dark while lingering upon the brink
Of Earth to hear the drum-beats of the Morn;
And as the Hours in their great circle set,
Their ears can hear the Briton's bugle horn.

She needs a parliament of sovereign states
And loving children bringing Wisdom's might;
Needs battle-ships whose hearts are big with fates,
And banners borne by yeomen for the right:
Give her a standard with a dozen stars —
One chief, and not a galaxy of suns —
And see a glory light the field of Mars
And hear her thunders silence Envy's guns!

Her party-venom makes the heart stand still.
Ye Gods! A man who nobly loves his land
Should have Goliath's heart, Goliath's will,
A patience scorns the Furies' smiting hand
When devils, whelped in hell, are at his throat;
And he must bear his back to scorpions
And smile and smile though Armageddon smote
And dervishes were priming Discord's guns.

THE GREAT MOGULS

YE Great Moguls,
Rare quinvirate of Kings!
Great scions of old Genghis Khan, —
Who stretched his arm from Moscow to Peking, —
And Kubla Khan, — half Asia's overlord, —
And Tamerlane, — the Giaour's mastodon!
Your swords are sheathed in Silence's wand
And scarce one scar across Earth's face
Recounts your hecatombs of slain.

No! Legend is your chronicler;
The Genii 'tis who tell the tale
Of your campaigns, your tournaments with Nature;
You had no Xenophon;
That Eagle's quill that told the rape of Gaul
Your clownish fingers could not clutch.

And yet you fashioned miracles of art,
And Koh-i-noors and parthenons
Whose glories pale the fires of Grecian shrines,
Aye, make our Gothic temples stand at arms
And Italy's immortals doff their cowls; —

THE GREAT MOGULS

These are your chroniclers,
The books untutored eyes can read.

How fleeting are the scars the sword can hew!
Kind Nature quickly heals the cuts;
How flitting is the gleam of blood
That trickles from a nation's wounds!
Art, too, can scorn the blows of Time; —
But not forever, for all things must fade.

Behold great Cheops; count his scars!
The Parthenon! 'twas Man, not Time
Who did to death Athena's saint;
The Pantheon still lifts her regal head;
The Coliseum, who dismantled this?
'Twas Vandals, not the hammer of Old Age;
Though Rome is now a sick man's dream
This Child of the Eternal Hills still lives.

'Tis Earthquake is the temple's terror,
But not the dainty fingers of the Frost,
The Rain, the Sunshine or the Air.

PORTIA

IS Liberty a love-sick maid?
A plaything of the wanton wind?
A will-o'-wisp and seldom staid,
A phantom seldom of one mind?
And is a country truly kind
To her sweet self who leaves her fate
To some fair-faced, unthinking hind,
With instincts good but seldom great?

Is government a brownie's game?
A fantasy of Fashion's taste?
Is sovereignty an echoing name?
A Cæsar's scepter, pith and paste?
And should a nation's sword and might
Be harnessed to a dreamer's sight
And ne'er with Barbarossa fight
Nor die for Freedom and the Right?

What! shall some bloodless, Cyprian maid,
Who of her shadow is afraid,
Gird on an Atlantean mail,
And in the shadow of the sail

PORTIA

Sit dumb while thunders shake the lands?
Or hold her breath and fold her hands
While Trafalgars assail the skies
That she invoked with cringing cries?

Great States are born and bred by war!
They draw deep breaths when battle-fleets
Are sailing towards some Northern Star
And whirlwinds fill the bellying sheets.
Who feeds their guns? Not sexless sons!
'Tis men man fleets, not Amazons!
Shall Egypt Anthony lead on,
To fly before the fight is won?

And shall Olympian-bred men, —
Half-gods upon some Samian field,
Half-gods as well with tongue and pen! —
Bear back Aspasia on her shield?
And shall Pharsalias lift their heads,
Shall Hector hurl the bolts of Jove
While his frail wife spins silken threads
Of which his tunic will be wove?

To be a mother is the prize God meant
For girls, and string the great Achilles' bow
That shafts through burnished bronze, seven-
plated, sent;
To fail in bending it brings Woman low
Upon a plain beside her beardless boy!
She is man's help-mate; vassal? no! nor toy!

FLIRTING WITH TYRANNY

God did not give her mankind's mind nor
might;
To be the Gracchi's mother is her right.

O Father, to our wives give noble sons!
And give a lover, Father, to each maid!
Then Idleness for wraiths no longer runs,
The horrid ghost of Vassalage is laid.

FLIRTING WITH TYRANNY

THE Lion, frightened by the Eagle's beak,
Besought the friendship of the Northern
Bear;

A Tartar! Cossack! Ruthless! mad to seek
A sceptered sway as boundless as the air;

Land-hungry with a hunger eats itself;
An enemy by instinct of mankind;
Corrupt by custom; gorged with spoils and pelf;
To Freedom's civilizing longings blind!

The Lion, too, was stuffed with carcases;
Replete with ravagings, he preyed on Peace —
But to his vassals had brought argosies
Were priceless clippings of his golden fleece.

GOD'S MASTERPIECE

'Tis sweet to see the Lion and the Bear
Lie snug together in such fond embrace!
But even lions ought to have a care
Lest boas and pythons get too near their face;

For Bruin's hug is like an iron vice;
His love is eager — will it ever tire? —
Will like the horse-leech promise any price
If you will pull his chestnuts from the fire;

He whets his teeth to-day for China's pelt
And gloats to glut again his mammoth maw:
Remorse has e'er this corsair's conscience felt?
Has e'er a savage failed to scorn all law?

It is by hugging that he slays his foes,
And like constrictors he eats victims whole:
Your light is Liberty's, and your heart knows
To flirt with tyrannies corrupts the soul.

GOD'S MASTERPIECE

GOD'S masterpiece! A boy,
Instinct with reason, ruled by heart,
Great Nature's son, with Art's alloy,
And days to sell in Duty's mart!

GOD'S MASTERPIECE

We stare at the Himalayas; Aetna's flame
Awakens wonder in our dazzled eyes;
The might of Elbruz, climbing up the skies
And dazing us with his Titanic size,
Bespeaks a majesty outstares his fame.

We see the Volga pour a tawny flood
Could cover France three times with watery graves,
Yet fade to air by some mysterious law;
We know that sometimes in a drop of blood
A Cæsar sleeps and many a hundred braves,
No eye can see, wage Amazonian war.

And yet that red-cheeked rose we see,
That boy you dandle on your knee,
Surpasses all in majesty.

He has a hidden magic's might
More subtle than a flash of light;
'Twill soon awake from its long dream
And burn up worlds with its fierce gleam!

His eye will pierce the centuries' gray night;
Will scale the clouds; will talk with moon and stars
And tell them of what stuff their soils are made;
Will tear apart Earth's crust and gauge its age;
Will ride with Light the chargers of the Sun;
When comets dive into the Abyss of Night
Will count the days their faces are unseen;

THE GARDENS OF THE SUN

He will see cities in a water-drop
And people globes of blood with mimic wars;
His hand will build him fortresses of air
And shower thunderbolts from eagle's wings;
Cross continents within a twinkling eye;
Will cut this ponderous earth in hemispheres
And hurl huge mountains at their fellows' heads;
Armadas scuttle ere the day says done;
Gibraltars turn to imponderable pulp;
Will light our villages with nothingness;
And conquer Time and Space with paper toys.

That boy you dandle on your knee,
Whose eyes are dancing now with glee,
Surpasses Jove in majesty.

THE GARDENS OF THE SUN

SOME leagues from where our Sultan halves the
globe

We see an island Fancy could descry
From Dreamland's heights, and siren voices robe
With splendors on the tropic's pinions fly.

'Tis here, — 'twas born ere Christ! — the Bo-tree
stands;

The burning bush still burns with fiery spray;

THE GARDENS OF THE SUN

While cottonwoods bear flowers in their hands;
And plantains flap their flags along the way;

And here the cocoa scorns the robber's hands;
And snow-drops peep from fens that reek with heat;
Goliaths shake their plumes across the land;
While rice upon rich eyots plants its feet;

Here cinnamons with perfume load the breeze
And chocolates that fill all Europe's cup;
The sap that shoes the world exhales from trees;
And we at dusk upon the breadfruit sup;

The talipot here reigns, — a bed by night,
A tent by day, — and at its regal height
A cannon shout awakes a giant flower
And Death then lays Goliath in her bower.

Tigers are Kings; come see them stalk their prey,
And hear the mammoth trumpet to his kin!
At times the cobra lifts his crest to say
Such madness of luxuriance is sin.

And here are toilers, garmented with gloom;
At times an alabaster hall appears
And Europe stalks from out a rustic tomb
To shake his sword and wake the Tamil's fear.

In this Nirvana there's a Vale of Sleep,
And of this sylvan earldom Mab is Queen

BYRON'S VILLA AT RAVENNA

And from its denes and closures genii peep,
And birds of paradise their plumage preen;

And Laughter rings across a voiceless mere
And Sweet Content is lord of every hearth;
The bird no bloody messenger need fear
Nor need the kine bewail the bludgeon's wrath;

And when Hyperion dons his robe of rest
And Night unwinds the tangled thread of Day,
Then Nature folds her children to her breast
And we who came to sneer bow down to pray.

But yet in Eden stalked the ghost of Death!
Here, too, are vampires cloud a saffron sky,
Here devil-plants inhale the poor fly's breath
And panting Innocence still heaves a sigh.

BYRON'S VILLA AT RAVENNA

HERE Byron lived, and fumed and clutched
at Fame,

And swore to ravage earth and hell but snatch
The peacock splendors of a corsair's name,
And face a world of scorn but Virgil match;

THE SEA - KINGS OF OLD CRETE

'Twas in this nest that stormy petrel slept;
And 'twas this terrace was the giaour's deck;
And here 'twas Frailty bitter showers wept
This golgotha should prove an altar's wreck.

Much to forgive! and mountains to forget!
Fame fain would call these blotches on the sun,
Bind up his wounds and with Cassandra run
To see great Hector's crimson glories set;

And let us bind a fillet round our eyes
While Genius drags this chariot through the skies.

THE SEA - KINGS OF OLD CRETE

THERE were great men ere Agamemnon,
Or those Phœnicians scoured a tideless main
To bring from far Ceylon those pristine pearls.

No longer Minos and his Labyrinth
Are fishwives' tales; nor is the Minotaur,
Nor Dædalus and his sun-tempting flights,
Nor Icarus, who melted in the sun,
A fable spun by prehistoric liars.

And those Athenian maids, and dragon's thirst
They slaked, rise spectral from the past

THE SEA - KINGS OF OLD CRETE

As does Stromboli from Time's sea of haze
When belching from her blazing maw
Primeval ruins centuries concealed;

And Theseus, too, steps from Aegeus' door
To avenge the wrongs his mother Athens bore,
And slaughter him who tree-tops tied with men,
And stretch Procrustes on Procrustes' bed.

These legends now are stubborn facts;
And Cnossos now our eyes can see,
And see that Labyrinth was Minos' maze;
And almost Ariadne see
To Theseus hand that silken thread
And sword that slew the Minotaur.

Kind spade! You scrape the film
From our near-sighted eyes
And show us that old Sea-Dog face to face
Who ruled the waves ere Lyra was begot;
But you were kinder to unearth the plaques
Whose mouths, now dumb, may learn to speak
And tell the tales enamoured Homer's ears
And Ajax and Ulysses used to tell
Around their camp-fires, nights,
While great Achilles sulked
And azure-eyed Briseis stayed the fight.

BACK TO THE LAND

OUR Mother dear! — for so we love to say,
And twine our fingers in your silver hair
And think of Freedom's resurrection day,
When you those Stuarts bearded in their lair! —

You need your children back upon the land,
You need the farmer and his fruitful hoe,
The sweating plowshare; need the horny hand
And hearts of oak that on the hillsides grow.

Too much, too long the shuttle and the loom,
The smoking city and the foaming beer,
Those cubicals whose faces grin at gloom,
The factory that pilfers health and cheer,

Have sapped your strength. The yeomen with
their bills

Were bulwarks 'gainst your foes of yore;
They brought you loving hands and iron wills
And kept the world outside your castle door;

But now 'tis famished faces haunt the way;
'Tis bending backs beshrew the landlord's nod;
Take back, my Love, your heirlooms from his sway,
And send the cottar back upon the sod!

THE ROMANOFF TOMBS

YES, sleep, ye warders of the dead!
They need no watchers; for the crown
Of thorns has seared an emperor's head
Must with the garbardine lie down;

And like all grandeur Man has wed,
Must kneel and kiss the parent sod;
Earth is our birthmark and our bed;
Naught is eternal except God.

How long 'twas Babylon outstared
The sun and with her brazen face
The scarps and scars of Ruin dared; —
Now of her glories find a trace!

See æon upon æon run
That race with Time since God awoke
From chaos' maze the sleeping sun!
'Twas yesterday that Man first spoke.

RAPHAEL

NAUGHT but his brushes and his crimson fame!
Great Spirit, oft the pitying tear has come
When some live form has stepped from out your
frame
As if from off the doorstep of your home;

God only knows your sweat to keep a roof
Above your head, a bed to sleep upon,
While weaving out of air a golden woof
Of glory such as kings have seldom won.

Alas! that man should be unkind to God's
Best sons! that dunghill fowls and nature's clods
Should wash their hands in the blood of souls who
bring
To earth what makes life's winter gorgeous spring!

And yet 'tis aching feet that win the goal,
And tears and heart-aches 'tis unveil the soul.

SELF - LOVE

THE Devil 'tis distilled a juice, —
'Twas stewed in Hell, and Mammon
stirred the brew! —

And mixed in one retort those essences
Will poison all the springs of joy; —
A cobra's sting and tiger's tooth,
A viper's foot and scorpion's tongue,
A deadly nightshade, miser's soul,
The venom of an aspic's tail,
And adder's skin and aconite —
And cooled the broth with glacier's blood.

He fashioned it in moulds
By myriads, and of a walnut's size,
In shape a human heart,
And called the bawd — Self-Love;
And when he finds an enemy
To curse in some despite,
He puts this effigy therein.

THE KISS OF DEATH

HER child the Scourge of Man held in its
grip;
Each breath that choked his breathing choked
her heart;
Her nights were golgothas of weariness;
Nor Love and Death were far apart.

At last a seraph came on silver wings
And that lone mother's heart with manna fed
And sang the song was sung at Lazarus' tomb:
"Give up, O Grave, give up your dead."

In ecstasy the mother kist those lips
So long had panted for the bridegroom's breath;
Alas! that Love so oft Nepenthe sips!
That kiss! It was the kiss of Death.

AT MANHOOD'S GATE

A MAIDEN knocked at Manhood's gate,
And Agamemnon, King of Men,
Threw wide the ponderous port of state
Had hid Olympia from her ken.

She was as lovely as the Dawn;
Aurora, rising from the sea,
The wonders of the dancing faun
Were not more beautiful than she.

Her voice! 'Twas like Aeolia's lyre
When Psyche touched its trembling strings;
Her eyes! They shone with that rapt fire
That lights Cecilia's when she sings.

And such a charm was in her mien
He thought she was Apollo's child,
And such a graciousness was seen
As is Diana's in the wild.

And Manhood's King was dazed with awe,
For all his haunts had been with men,
With those who make the Olympian law
Which rules the mountain and the glen,

AT MANHOOD'S GATE

The market-place, palestra, halls
Where Justice sits with single sight
And Sovereignty, stentorian, calls
And Chivalry prepares for fight.

Go back, he said, to your lone home!
Go, list to Corydon's hot sighs,
And light with love his saddened eyes!
And when your rosy cherubs come,
Still you their hungry cries
With tales of Troy;
And tell your boy
Of Helen and Briseis and the toy
They made of Trojans, Greeks and Myr-
midons!

Come! dry your tears
And choke Ambition's fears!
You say there have been Amazons
If Legend tells you true?
That maids are sighing still for shields?
And crave the sword that Manhood wields?
But Maidenhood and Manhood, too,
Will bind their weeping brows with rue
When such Laconian loss of sex
The heart of Sovereignty shall vex.

A SLEEP OF CENTURIES

A SLEEP of centuries,
Like Circe's isle ere Circe came!
The silence of a continent
When Morpheus is Nature's priest
And Sleep, his sire, is lord of land and mere;
No hamlet's incense soils the breeze
That fans the face of scarp and tarn.

The tiger is the woodland's Khan,
And when he leaps upon his prey
The soul of Solitude
Awakes from a long æon's dream.

Come, goddess of the stately stride
To whom the minuet is dear,
Staid Polyhymnia,
Thou whose cothurnus heroes wear,
Come, take my stylus in your hand,
And guide a limping, stammering acolyte!

Near where that circle of the sun
Divides our globe in hemispheres,
There is an island cloyed with wealth
Of fragrance, foliage and flowers
And fruits would glut a Sybarite,
And gardens hanging in mid-air

A SLEEP OF CENTURIES

Would still the Grecian Ceres' sigh
For her demesnes on Helicon.

'Tis Anaradhapura; big in miles
As our great regent of the British Isles;
Who reeked with populations
In days when Cæsar trod those Albian Hills.
Fair city of the Cingalese,
How long you lay in dreamless ease!
But in those centuries forgot
A hundred fountains fed your thirst,
Canals and conduits led their floods
To feed the arteries that feed the soil;
Dagobas tall as London's Paul, —
One shoulder high to our high shaft, —
Great shrines to Buddha with Cyclopean walls
Would bring the blush to Cheops' dusky cheek,
All tell us of another Babylon,
Another Golgotha in fair Ceylon.

Here then a scion we could see —
And still can daze our eyes —
Of that ambrosial, sacred tree
Beneath which Buddha took those naps
His worshippers call ruminations;
And here were lakes that Mammon's shears had cut
When Romulus was dangling Rome in swathing
clothes;
And trees — their children greet us now —
Whose blossoms rival Kashmir's butterflies.

A SLEEP OF CENTURIES

Alas, a stranger came ; 'twas Massacre ;
And Guddah bows and bills
Now slew their brothers, thought their foes ;
And Aryans came and picked the Nomad's bones ;
And all the soil was fed with savages.
And Tamils came and scalped the Aryan plumes.
Proud Man ! When wind and water, air-blown
Pride
Have ta'en their flight, you are a cup of clay !

But how did Ruin's buzzard claw
Crush in its grip this monarch's pride ?
'Twas War, 'twas Famine, Cholera,
Miasma and Malaria :
'Twas those fierce imps, unseen but infinite,
Who make our flesh their battlefields.

And when this Hunger had devoured its fill,
Came Pestilence, with banners flaunting high,
And marshaled her grim cohorts till the sky
Was black with vampires, shutting out the sun ;
Miasma, too, rose from her fetid pools
And beckoned to her dragons, fever-spouting,
And swept the land like Aetna's sulphur storm
Until those imps, so infinite, must dance Death's
Dance.

Nor did that hydra, Famine, lag behind,
But brought her harpies to the fray

A SLEEP OF CENTURIES

And slew them carcasses for vulture feasts
Till nothing breathed could shake a brother's hand
Had not grown impotent through sin and woe;
The jungle's lord was lord, defied his overlord
And, tyrant-like, sucked up his subjects' blood —
Except they seized some dolphin by the prow
And swam the coral seas to India.

Fair Eldorado! You were Asia's ghost,
Aye, more, a paradise for tree and beast,
But Gobi's sands for him had been your khan.
'Tis true the Pleiades still shone
And Sirius, as always, queened the skies;
'Tis true the Southern Cross still lured men's eyes
And larks from out their skyey towers sang;
The snail, too, bore his house upon his back
And palms still shook their two-edged swords,
While tamarinds, too, waved their plumes;
But 'twas for sightless eyes!

'Twas thus that sleep of centuries
Fell on this Eden like black mist;
'Twas thus her golden argosies
The hand of Desolation kist; —
So, too, on Rome's Campagna fell
Wan ghosts and goblins hatched in Hell,
While Famine fed the bats and crows
And Pestilence shed leprous snows.

Both live again! The jungle's rage
In places blurs the Buddhist page;

A DEN OF THIEVES

Where Affluence once trod
The winds and water ride roughshod;
And sons of Cheops cut the sky,
The palace lifts its head on high,
The fens now curb their lordly pride,
And Culture nestles by their side.

Let Ruin stalk! The farmer smiles,
And Man and Art arrest their wiles;
Those silkworms of the sea Phœnicians craved —
When have such corsairs trod the seas
From here to those proud shafts of Hercules? —
The sea of British venture long has laved.

A DEN OF THIEVES

ENSCONCED beneath a gorgeous dome,
A den of thieves has filched a home,
And Cade and Robin Hood exploit a land
Around whose capital a nation stand
To chant the pæans of the free
And sing them with a lover's glee.

But even round Christ's manger stood
Some parasites to steal his food,
And to a prophet's holy shrine
Have bandits come to steal the wine.

A DEN OF THIEVES

Come, see these vandals and their bristling
 snouts,
Who fight for both feet in the trough;
Come hear them squeal and hear the swinish
 shouts
Of maws are smeared with bran and broth!

The people now a mash would mix
And duties, rates and tariffs fix,
And brigands come from all the land
By self or proxy; —
Mad Circe's was no greedier band! —
And every bawd has brought his doxy.

Nor is to-day the only Satyrs' feast;
For yesterday these lobbies reeked with filth,
And vultures fought, and cloven-footed beast,
To rob our land of spoil and spilth
That each one to his bailiwick might say,
"Behold a glutton's greed and robber's prey!"

A few wan hearts for mercy plead;
"Your mother bares her breast for you
'Gainst War and Anarchy; in direst need
Her flag is on the walls, and heart is true;
But you — base ingrates! so was Leah's child —
Would pick the coppers from a dead man's eyes
And stab the breast you nursed! Negritos' child,
Would rob a graveyard when the death-watch flies."

GARDEN OF THE UNFORGOTTEN

THIS world has towering Alps of joy,
And fens of sorrow, too,
But favors to an orphan boy
Are stars within the blue.

My garden of the unforgotten
Has many fruits like these,
Kind words by Sympathy begotten,
That grow on spirit-trees.

Have you of true Achates heard?
Have you some friend whose heart
Has come to be a household word?
When he and Joy must part

Oh! show him Friendship's holy love;
Be like the turtle-dove
When whirlwinds bare old Winter's bones
And drive to southern zones!

And why? Because you love him well?
Nay! Some can never tell
The love lies close to their dumb lips!
When he life's hemlock sips

LION'S HEAD

And Sadness from his shoulder strips
The cloak Pride draws so tight,
And when that fierce electric light
Shows you where Famines live

There is naught else so sensitive;
Beware, then, lest Estrangement grow!
A look can scar the heart of Woe.

LION'S HEAD

MY garden, cattle, and my trees,
Acres where Nature's giants stand
And wave defiance to the Storm-King's frown!
Old Lion's Head, who for a million years
Has gazed across a waste of beckoning meads, —
Now wet with Ocean's tears, —
And heard grim Minot tell that awful King,
Thus far, no farther shalt thou come;
I love to comb your mane and call you mine!

'Twas on this spot the Law established Right
First on this continent,
And set the Colonies their boundary;
'Tis yonder liquid line that for a mile
Defies the river's rage
Is Fellsmere's boundary.

GOOD - FELLOWSHIP

The gaudy Insolence of Wealth
Stalks by our door, but never stops;
Crusoe was no more lord;
Those children of the bosky wild
Whose empire is the air
Pay homage to our manor rights.

And yon tall water-tower
Proclaims a sovereignty
As sacred as proud Windsor's keep;
None — save that Gorgon Skeleton
Who calls both great and small
To batten in his banquet hall —
Can touch this sod
Except we nod.

GOOD - FELLOWSHIP

THE gods of fellowship sat down
With wines and good cigars
To see what fellow they would crown
The Czar of all the Czars;

They sang and smoked and drank their
fill,
And nothing did by halves,

A TOWER OF VICTORY

And then they voted with a will
Their Czar was from the Slavs.

But from the men! The women? No!
Not born for fellowships!
Cossets when babies, when they grow
Freedoms meet pouting lips.

A TOWER OF VICTORY

HAD Giotto seen the Kutab Minar
His eyes had swum in wonderment
And feared his hand had been eclipsed.
A tower of Victory and Fame,
It outlives chronicle, outlives
Its fashioner's, its builder's name;
Seven centuries have seen its face,
Yet Ruin's paw is paralyzed;
'Tis victory victorious,
A cynosure of constancy,
A pillar to uphold the sky,
A rival of Italia's child.

Its art it learnt in Persian schools;
The Taj, too, is a marble wonder
Could bring the blush to Phidias' cheek;

AN UNFORGOTTEN MINSTREL

His Parthenon has line, proportion,
And beauties born of these great sires;
But oh, the Taj has loveliness
Will make a lover's heart stand still;
It speaks, it breathes, it sings and sighs
And starts the tear-drop in our eyes.

The Kutab, no! 'tis not pathetic;
But 'tis a sword Cyclopean,
A staff could steady Atlas' stride
When he this globe bore on his back;
It tells the great Iconoclast, —
So Cheops told him long ago, —
That though his teeth may gnaw and
grind
The puppets of a day to dirt,
This tower stays the tides of Time
As Teneriffe stays Neptune's rage.

AN UNFORGOTTEN MINSTREL

KNEEL! take your shoes off! bare
your head!
You stand before a singer's shrine!
'Twas near to Delhi, and we fed
On manna and on wine.

DELILAH

'Twas like his soul; 'twas pure and white; —
And other worshippers stood there; —
As pure as pearl; a goodly sight
Where ruthless Time had stripped all bare;

For all was ruled by desolation,
And Pestilence had scarred the ground;
Is there a place in God's creation
Where more of ruin can be found?

Oasis in a desert waste!
And there this Moslem singer lies;
But centuries on centuries haste
To sing his songs with swimming eyes.

Bring roses, pansies to his grave,
And string again his rusty lyre;
For he was gentle, true and brave,
And burned with true Parnassian fire.

DELILAH

DELILAH! If you were a cannibal,
And dwelt in Fiji, not in this fair town
Where Chivalry respects no animal
Beneath Avernus gentle hearts would drown,

ROWENA

You would not wear that gilt, bedizened crown, —
That seraph's smile upon a Gorgon's face! —
But on a spit, heels-hung, your skin would brown
And frizzle with a shining gobbler's grace.

We know, a few, why sweet Alexis chose
To lie so still within the sea-wolves' cave,
Where basilisks his warm heart never froze
And days were placid as lone Tahoe's wave.
Life has its joys and Death its ghostly woes,
But 'neath its wave no thorn nor viper grows.

ROWENA

SWEET little rose
That on the meadow blows
And frankincense distills
That all our being thrills!

You have no taint of earth,
And from your very birth
Some spirit of the air
Lives in your face so fair.

To-day you lay upon your bed;
It seemed as if some seraph said:
I am too delicate a flower
To live except in some wild bower;

AN ANTIDOTE FOR GRIEF

But have no fear, and shed no tear!
The birds will always guard my bier;
They'll sing to me from dawn till night;
The stars will watch from dark till light.

AN ANTIDOTE FOR GRIEF

TO run from Grief keep on the run
From dreaming dawn to dying sun,
And never stop to catch your breath;
To stop is lingering death.

IMMORTAL LONGINGS

ONE proof there is, and 'tis the chief: —
Man's daily hunger to live on;
Let others challenge our belief
But this shines on as shines the sun.

Who would not live? Ah! who would die,
Would cut the thread and turn to dust?
Would close for aye the great soul's eye
And like old iron wane and rust?

Yet, other instincts hold us fast;
Who would not have enough of gold
While this mortality shall last?
Or who would stay within his fold?

Great Nature spoke when Cæsar said,
While riding through some Gallic home,
He'd rather be that village's head
Than be the second man in Rome.

A third there is with these akin:
That frailty of the kingly mind
That longs a kingly praise to win
And leave a kingly name behind;

Or leave a glimmer on the sea,
A ripple of the spirit's breath
Will flicker when the soul is free
To cross the trackless void to death.

Immortal hopes! ah, who would not
Be fellow with his fellow men
And not a beast and soon forgot?
Is our short day the spirit's ken?

GATES AJAR

THE Gates of Trinity swing wide
And cloven-footed Sorrow enters in;
Emelia has become Death's Bride
And lies here on her crimson bier,
And many a heart, too sad to shed a tear,
Bewails that Fate could count it sin
To linger longer on this worldly sphere.

The chancel glows with purple lights
Kind Flora plucked before the dew was sprent;
And lilies, grown into a cross,
Tell how a seraph's soul with nature fights;
And maiden hands have garlands sent
To tell how Charity bemoans her loss;

Chopin rings chimes upon our hearts
Turns them to keyboards for his dirge;
His spirit-hands and heart-aches urge
Our souls to those sepulchral haunts
Where Death makes banquets of our mortal parts;
And Charon's greed his banner flaunts
And marshals us along the Stygian way
Has made December of a bridal May.

BEAUTIFUL, BUT NOT HOME

I STRODE along a bay that British ships
Had peopled with a commerce unsur-
passed;
And pride was tingling to my finger-tips;
My British blood was racing fast,

For here had Albion found an eagle's nest
And brought the benedictions of her law
And prest a pristine people to her breast
And forged these battlements I saw.

'Tis beautiful! 'tis Rio! but not home!
I said, and asked a dweller on the Peak —
If hearts had loved in Devon's dales to roam
Still heard the voice of Childhood speak?

A sadness bowed his head, tears dimmed his
eye: —

“I pray that when my sun is in the west
My ear may hear again the thrush's cry,
My bones may in dear Devon rest.”

THE DURBAR

THE DURBAR

AT last! For hours we sweltered in that sun
Of India to scan those turbaned hordes,
And tribes, and castes had o'er an empire run —
By tonga, ekka, bullock-cart, by train, on foot —
To see this pageant of the golden East
Now shimmers like a wind-tost sea.

Kabul was here, and Punjab, too,
And Indus and the Ganges, and the snows
That diadem Himal'ya sent their sons;
Nepali and Bengali, too, had brought
Their iridescent hues; big Sikhs
And Kashmir's ebon children sat in rows;
The Pass had seen the fretted plumes
Of Fortune's petted Macedon sent Afghans;
And as the rainbow-tides swirl to and fro
Expectancy lights every eye
And coming joys send heralds on before.

The Fort's high gates fly wide! They come!
The feathered lances of a cohort gleam.
Is Raleigh here? Does Bayard live again?
A river courses through long crimson banks
Of men were costumed by the Night and Dawn.

THE DURBAR

Look! Look! on gold and silver howdahs sit
Ma'rajahs, rajahs, nawab lords,
And tower aloft on monuments that move
With elephantine stride, their leathern sides
Caparisoned with cloths of burnished gold

Has cost a province's tax, a legion's toil;
They swing along like behemoths come back,
And we, whose eyes are tuned to smaller deer,
Think Cyclops or the Titans have returned.

They pass. The pageant fades. The multitude —
A wondrous vision! — turns to rainbow tides
Again and whirls and twists and swirls and surges,
Phantasmagoric, like kaleidoscopes.

What monkeys we are in our grays and blacks!
We make our women goddesses,
Aspasias, Cleopatras, Venuses,
And dress ourselves like undertakers' mutes;
Oh, that the Cavaliers could come again!

ELOQUENCE TRIUMPHANT

I CLIMBED the Pnyx one April day;
A halo glorified Piræus' strand;
The Queen of Art stood sentry 'cross the way;
And here a concourse stood from all the land;

Demosthenes was on the people's hill;
Assailed, defamed, denied the Statesman's crown
For hurling gibes at Macedonia's frown
And crying war upon the Anarchs' will;

An angered majesty bestrode his brow
And streams of lava surged across his tongue: —
“ All Ages would cry shame if Greece should bow
To Philip, drunk with pride, ambition-stung! ”

A shout goes up. Sometimes Night jumps to Day.
Our King shall have his crown! His foes we'll
flay!

THE IMMORTALS

THE IMMORTALS

BOOKS that stretch through empty
aisles,

Books in stacks for miles on miles,
Books that woo with siren wiles,
Books that fade with Fashion's styles,
And not a thousand are Immortals!

Books were once a fragrant field,
Books a torrent's tears congealed,
Books that Love's aroma yield,
Books that bore a paynim's shield,
And not a thousand are Immortals!

Books were tented fields of Mars,
Books that reek with heroes' scars,
Books that smell of prison bars,
Books with wings that seek the stars,
And not a thousand are Immortals!

Books that sing like Christmas bells,
Books as stale as stagnant wells,
Books are ghastly sentinels,
Books that moulder in their cells,
And not a thousand are Immortals!

A FLICK OF WOOL

Children out of cobwebs wove,
Children from the rooftree rove;
Pallas from the head of Jove
Not a stranger treasure-trove;
Alas, that children should be mortals!

A FLICK OF WOOL

WEEP! weep for Tityrus!
He lies here on his bier;
And let his sheep come near,
For they would shed their tear!

He was their faithful friend
In sunshine and in gale;
And when Campagna's skies portend
A storm, did e'er his foresight fail?

And bring his crook and woolly cloak
And lay them here upon his bier!
For when the Tramontana spoke
They drove away the ghost of Fear.

And lay a flick of wool within
This box that holds a name will wane;

THE GOLDEN PAGODA

This is his passport 'gainst the sin
Keeps shepherds Sundays from the fane;

For when the Judgment trumpets sound
And Resurrection's Angel takes his hand,
And when the dead shall leave the ground
And round Jehovah's throne shall stand,
This flick of wool shall tell his tale,
Why he was from the church's pale.

THE GOLDEN PAGODA

THOU shrine of a religion counts it sin
To shed the blood of beasts! or even man
Himself if marshaled by the trumpet's din
And led in cohorts by some brutal Khan!

You guard the manes of Peace's great apostle;
And your tall steeple laughs at London's dome,
The Pagan War-God's fane. What if men jostle
Their fellows till they scarce can find a home?

Is he a basilisk who loves to lie
As lizards lie within the Sun-God's arms?

THE HOLY SYNOD MILITANT

To him who has no roof except the sky
The primrose joys of idleness have charms ;

'Tis life to lie within the tropic's wings
And dream of those delights Nirvana brings.

THE HOLY SYNOD MILITANT

COME, rally to the standard of the Church !
Set up her aegis ! tell the Russian world
We will not from our battlements be hurled ;
The miter shall upon the scepter perch !

Remember Italy ! When she would rise
And place upon her head the Phrygian cap,
The Romish hierarchy lost the prize
Kind Fortune would have laid upon her lap ;

Coquetted like a belle behind her walls ;
Stood marking time while Freedom thundered by ;
'Tis thus the crown from flabby fingers falls
And leaves the Church with naught to do
but sigh.

THE GOLDEN SHELL

No sighs for us! have we not ever led
The Czar and people in our guiding strings?
Who made the Czar? Who are the people's
head?

Let Rome still moan! The Holy Synod
sings!

The Duma now shall be our battlefield,
And here the Church shall forge the sword
of state!

No quarter! No! 'tis death before we yield!
The Holy Synod, still shall she be great.

THE GOLDEN SHELL

COME, stand on Peligrino! gaze
With wonder on this Golden Shell!
Has Nature in her noblest phase
A cameo cut with such a spell?

Nor is it gold that gilds this bowl;
'Tis citron fruits emboss its slope;
And Clio 'tis who tints the scroll;
Volcano's sister carved the stope.

ECHOES OF THE REVOLUTION

Let Midas scowl and grant his wealth,
You squander with a wanton's hand;
Yet give us not the wanton's brand;
But fill and drink Sicilia's health!

Since Time her glass began to turn
Who did not for this goddess burn?

ECHOES OF THE REVOLUTION

A WAKE, fond Memory!
Speak, Sons of Liberty,
And you, too, Victory,
Silent a century!
And tell of those enhaloed years
Were wet with Revolution's tears;
Of Hope, when 'twas a lonely star
And seen, like Sirius, afar,
A rainbow in a troubled night,
A ghost that wooed a sickened sight;
And Night ne'er lured the Day,
December shadowed May,
And scarce a candle's ray
Illumed the patriot's way.

Bring back the bugle's bray,
And bring the warring fray;

FAME AND VICTORY

Again let cannon roar
And screaming rockets soar!
And let us see brigades in camp,
And Minutemen, and hear their tramp;
And see the parson doff his stole
And with the yeoman seek the goal
While mothers watch the fight with awe;
Shall Britain rule and mould our law?
'Tis this the people ask
And buckle to their task.
The shock! the fearful shock!
'Twill Britain's gate unlock.

FAME AND VICTORY

TWO towers court old Chitor's skies, —
A tower to Victory and Fame, —
And lift aloft our hungry eyes
And fire our fainting hearts to flame.

Twin mothers of bold enterprise!
Twin necromancers of the Mind!
Bold wings on which Endeavor flies
To leave dull Idleness behind!

'Tis you who burn the scholar's oil;
'Tis you who gild the patriot's toil;

THE LAST KISS

You find a home in every land,
Upon the mountain and the strand.

'Twas here Padmani led her band
Across Death's dark and Stygian tide;
For she would save the harlot's brand
Lucretia bore and be Death's bride.

All kingly hearts are of one kin;
They love one altar, speak one tongue;
They all some meed of praise would win;
And all are brave and always young.

THE LAST KISS

I STOOD beside a coffin lid,
Beside a father, mother gray,
Before a long loved face was hid
Forever from the face of day;

And as she kist the marble mask
The father's tears had wet like wine,
I heard her trembling accents ask, —
“ May our last kiss, my dear, be mine ? ”

A LETTER OF CONDOLENCE

For hers had been the first fond kiss
Had prest the baby to her breast, —
The sweetest nectar Nature sips! —
And she would seal that heart to rest.

A LETTER OF CONDOLENCE

A GRUB to-day; a butterfly to-morrow;
On Thursday dead;
Unveil your head,
Assuage, dear friend, your sorrow!
For 'tis the lot of Man: see yonder tree;
But yesterday it danced with glee,
Its leaves were rippling like a river's reach;
To-day its bare poles teach
That Age has sucked its blood and supped its life
And left it like a warrior spent with strife.

THE STRUGGLES OF GENIUS

NAUGHT but his paints and brushes! But
a fame
As splendid as the Taj! What bitter tears
The Muse has shed that Rembrandt's name
Should stand and cool its heels so many years!

FALSE GODS

His toil and penury! This brave men bear;
Neglect! This, too, but with a brave man's tears;
His harpy worries! 'Tis these, ah, these that tear!
And then at time stole over him the fears

Lest that Apollo who loves regal hearts
Had not when in his cradle kist his lips
Or had not forged the nerve of steel that grips
The hand of genius in all kingly arts.

But still, he said, no way but do my best;
Let Fortune and the Ages do the rest.

FALSE GODS

I SAW to-day a blatant count,
A man with handles to his name,
Who thought clay feet would help him
mount
The ladder leads to social fame.

Know you how oft a rabbit breeds?
So oft he counts his kin as sand;
But giant cedars have few seeds
Yet they can grasp old Adam's hand.

THE TRAIL OF THE HYDRA

And there are aristocracies
Give titles to first-littered sons,
And there, too, are democracies
Where litter after litter runs.

Forget, vain count, your courtesan,
Or robber baron, fat from pelf!
Don't be an ass, but be a man,
And be an ancestor yourself!

THE TRAIL OF THE HYDRA

ST. PETER died upon the martyr's cross,
A victim of a bloody-minded law,
And sad-eyed centuries have mourned his loss
And cursed the fury of the Gorgon's claw.

Yet patriots by hecatombs have died,
And died the slaves of duty or to pay
The price some tyrant places on his pride.
And yet we scarce one litany can say.

To die for others on a thankless field
Is such a vulgar virtue 'tis a sin;
Yet War's apostles beat their brazen shield
And dazzle young Marcellus with its din.

A POOL OF SILOAM

One bandit chieftain we have dubbed the Great,
Who stole Silesia from a hapless queen
And turned all Europe to a den of hate
That he might glitter in a vulture's sheen.

Yes, and an empire builder we call wise
For filching gems from France's luckless crown;
A madman's wisdom! for this added size
Has harried Europe with the War God's frown;

And where we go across her war-worn plain
Her sons are hurrying to the Fields of Mars,
Their faces livid with Revenge's stain
And banners blazoned with its blood-red stars.

A POOL OF SILOAM

O HOLY city of the Hindu Castes!
A million kneel each year before your shrine
And call the Ganges their communion wine;
And once a thousand temples held their fasts
And thought your waters sanctified their sins;
Thou holy Mecca of the Hindu world,
'Tis here the neophyte Nirvana wins;
And here 'twas Buddha his first flag unfurled.

A POOL OF SILOAM

The Juggernaut is dead ; no more outlasts
The faith ground Innocence beneath its wheels ;
No more the bride beside her husband burns ;
And who, when gazing on your temples, feels
His creed alone celestial glory earns ?

Great Ganges of the thousand springs,
Who from Himalaya's swelling breast
The milk of many glaciers brings,
What terrors in your bosom rest !

As now I stand upon your banks
And gaze within your leaden eyes,
'Tis strange that where your waters rise
Such kings should stand in serried ranks !

And stranger that such giants' feet
Should stalk to where such cities meet
And Commerce with such fever runs ;
To-day, too, is your wedding feast !
And Volga, Yang-tse, monarchs' sons,
Salute you, Primate of the East.

PATERFAMILIAS

FULL half a century its winding sheet
Has wound about the world and scarcely one
Of all you greeted in the village street
With that sweet smile was like a melting sun

Can tell the tale. And yet 'twas Yesterday,
Grown gray, who said, of all the sons of men
He knew since Boyhood wore the garb of May,
Of all he'd met on mountain or in glen,

Not one so filled his soul's admiring eye.
One scene outlives the winter of these years
As sunlight glitters on a frozen sky: —
You were upon your bier, and bitter tears

Stood in the eyes of children, — crippled boys
And girls, — who gazed upon your marble face.
Our eyes see mounts that gleam with holy joys,
But seldom one with such a moving grace!

GOLDEN TIPS

“**B**UT pick me only Golden Tips!”
It was a bride of fair Ceylon,
A planter’s daughter; and her lips
A dusky islander had won;

“For golden tips ’tis flavor teas;
And my young days have ever sung
Of honeymoons on silver seas
And wedding bells on rainbows hung.”

This son of Erebus loved well —
As well as Albion his rose —
The fragrance of his crimson bell
That on fair Candy’s hillside grows;

And she whose cheek could match the rose
Loved, too, her deadly nightshade well;
And yet we wondered why she chose
To ring her chimes on that black bell.

Lo, dusky children came in time,
And eyes came, too, like living coals;
But mothers from our Northern clime
Forgot to ask them to their foals.

HEART - PHOTOGRAPHS

But life is not all honeymoon!
For Hunger came and Fever frowned;
But 'twas the Plague that came so soon
And dug those furrows in the ground.

Again a ghost has raised their latch,
And now beside the mother stands —
I hear his sighs! they shake the thatch! —
A peon kissing pallid hands.

HEART - PHOTOGRAPHS

OUR verses are our photographs, —
Not of our faces, but our hearts, —
For when a poet sighs or laughs
He is no actor playing parts.

The novelist draws characters, —
Paints love and hate, paints faith and greed;
'Tis not his heart your passion stirs,
For he makes masks to suit each need.

But poets paint as does the sun
And wear the soul upon the breast;
You need no lantern, you can run
And read the heart and its behest.

CASTE IS GOD IN INDIA

WHO touches British turf is free! But Caste
Is overlord in India, and we
To Custom and her fetish are bound fast
Though Britain's other sons ne'er bend the knee.

A fence of steel 'tis hedges us about,
And grips our children in a giant's jaw;
Our birthmark is a brand we cannot flout,
Our birthright is a chain that has no flaw;

Its links were forged within a stithy hot
As Vulcan's forge in Aetna's blazing maw,
And Fashion cooled and tempered them to Law
The harpy centuries have ne'er forgot.

Our creed stamps heretics as imps of sin
And disinherits them and all their kin.

Pour water on a desert; it will bound!
Pour knowledge in the mind; it, too, will leap!
Who is there would be pinioned to the ground?
Who would in Folly's castle always sleep?

CASTE IS GOD IN INDIA

In other lands we see the peasant rise
And don the sage's robe and steer the state;
America lifts Labor to the skies
And knights her toilers when she knights the great.

The mind! Who can an eagle's flight suppress?
He knows no chains; from moor to mount will soar!
He calls the sun his friend; who can the soul suppress?
The soul is famine-fed and ever calls for more.

But we, alas! are married to the Earth,
Nor can we break the bands were ours at birth.

Three thousand Castes! Three hundred million
slaves!
And slaves whose master is Primeval Law!
We are alive, yet dead in living graves,
Our heads above our feet within the maw.

A Brahmin, were his primal sire a priest
As coarse as Calaban, is Brahmin still,
And Toil must ever on Filth's orgies feast.
E'en Plato could not cross a Brahmin's sill.

The Priests! 'Tis they who hatched this hellish
scheme
To escape the toiler's ban and sleep and dream;

A THUNDERBOLT

Oh, when has wit devised a sadder curse
Or doomed mankind to drag a sadder hearse?

Awake, ye Sons of Darkness! Find the light!
'Tis Freedom calls you from the Realm of Night.

A THUNDERBOLT

WHO ever saw, close to, a thunderbolt?
But few there are: and yet this very day,
While we were flying in a mad revolt
To find a refuge from the lightning's play,

A bolt — it sounded like a bombshell's shout —
Swooped down as if 'twere hurled by Jove's own
hand;

And we, who then had reached our frail redoubt,
The meteor saw before it struck the land.

'Twas black; and fire flashed from out red eyes;
The flames seemed nodules upon Thor's big mace;
It leaped, as 'twere a hydra, from the skies,
And ate up iron with a glutton's pace;

And smothered us as 'twere Tartarean smoke;
It seemed that God from out the clouds had spoke.

VENI! VIDI! VICI!

VENI! VIDI! VICI!

I CAME! I saw! I conquered! words that
breathe! —

How few there are with living lava seethe! —
That sword that threw a scabbard in the Thames,
The Rhone, the Rhine, the Tigris, Guadalquivir,
The Nile, and that blue line Numidia hems
And taught man's blood to flow as flows a river,
With bridled lightning told the Tiber how
Its Scythian shade constrained the Don to bow.

UDAIPUR

A DIADEM of golden sheen;
A jeweled sea; a jasper wall;
A tomb can keep the memory green;
And fanes that to the Godhead call;

Sweet haunts where saddened souls may rest
In dreams of liquid loveliness;
Fair phantom island of the blest!
You lure all hearts from worldliness!

WENDELL PHILLIPS

A POSTLE to the slave;
The Madman's Moses;
Czar of Silver Tongues;
Red Sun of Erin:
A Beacon Light to Poverty
And all who serve the Minotaur!

'Twas on the Common's slope your baby feet
First prattled to a modern Athens' street;
And Youth first sang the vedas of the free
And ground the blade that humbled Chivalry;
Set Fame upon the pillars of the sky;
First heard and trembled at a maiden's sigh.

A NAME THAT SMELLS

TO call it would pollute the mouth
Or breed a cancer on the tongue;
And yet 'tis known by North and South
And scorned by old and young.

GRASS TO - DAY ; TO - MORROW STUBBLE

And why ? for lawlessness shaming
Guy Fawkes ! for turning maids to bawds !
For brigandage surpasses naming !
Inciting arson's hordes ;

For frenzies shrieked in Madness' ear,
Sucking the blood of Honesty,
Anathemas no ear should hear,
For prostituting Sympathy.

GRASS TO - DAY ; TO - MORROW STUBBLE

TO - DAY but grass ; to-morrow stubble ;
And here to-day, away to-morrow ;
From shore to shore a sea of trouble ;
Our lives are naught but toil and sorrow !

So says the misanthrope ; the sage replies :
Let this be true, it is the state of Man,
All Nature's voices are not ravens' cries,
Attune your ears to hear what harmonies
they can !

TIME DOES NOT CURE

TIME DOES NOT CURE

OH, speak to her, dear marble face,
And say 'tis well with you,
And where you are there is no trace
Of sadness; hearts are true.

Four Christmases have struggled by,
And still her woe she sips,
And still the tear bedims her eye
When you are on her lips.

And tell her when the shadows fall
And Day is drowned in Night,
That she shall hear her seraph call;
Then darkness may grow light.

EVANGELINE

SHE is so gentle that a breeze,
Blowing too rudely 'cross her face,
The roses on her cheeks would freeze
And shrivel all her grace.

A RACE WITH DEATH

Have you e'er seen in Eastern lands
The vine that when its heart is glad
And you but touch it with your hands
Will shrink as if 'twere sad ?

Well, like that vine is this sweet girl
And like that vine her heart bows down ;
And I have seen her tendrils curl
If Louis feigned a frown.

A RACE WITH DEATH

A TOILER! and with books!
His pen had piled them in a heap
Until their frowning looks
Said only fools such hoardings keep ;

“ Go bid the printer's devil come,
Spend what is left of life with type,
For grain unthrashed is but the sum
Of folly ; sure your brain is ripe ! ”

“ But books unread are piled in stacks
Like silt beside a river's waste,
And presses groan with broken backs.”
“ No time for parley, haste ! ”

THE ROMAN FORUM

And so Age starts his race with Death ;
Old Age is short of breath,
And has short legs, faint heart, short eyes ;
Meanwhile the vulture gnaws ; day flies.

THE ROMAN FORUM

THE Forum is the world's great cynosure ;
What hungry eyes have fed upon this scene !
And still an Empire's wreck our eyes can lure
And sear their staring balls with Ruin's gleam.

Its flood of people is man's Amazon ;
Concentric rivers, born in many a land,
Have flowed for ages, and they still flow on.
One wreck epitomizes all ! come, stand

Where this world's demigod was burned to clay !
Stand here and warm your hands upon this stone,
Still hot and will be till that awful day
When Earth's last son shall hear Earth's latest
groan !

Great Golgotha ! The richest of your mines
Is this lone pyre, and saddest of your shrines.

RED VALOR

RED valor is a virtue plentiful
And life a jewel that should buy life's worth;
On Honor's Roll are heroes by the million
Have shed their blood as clouds have showered rain;

A million died that Gaul might have its birth;
The Corsican mowed millions down like grain;
The God of War cries, "Kill," and ever "Kill,"
Nor has he in all ages drunk his fill.

The dynasties built bulwarks out of men
That some usurper or usurper's son
Might draw his sword and say, "Behold my fools!"
Life's worth — 'twas once but as a cup of wine! —

Since peasants put the regal purple on,
Has quadrupled, — men are no longer swine;
And mudsills, ere they die, now count war's cost;
They will not like the rats to cats be tost.

GOLF - SICK

GOOD friend! yours is a bloodless battlefield,
And yours the balls can seek and make their
holes;

But when the budding club of Thor we wield
How oft we wish those holes were bowls!

Sweet wine of Youth! the staff, the crutch of Age!
Alcestis' pastime! Gyas' paradise!
Oh, when the balls have wings and eyes to gauge
Their speed, they skim a field of ice;

But ah, when imps of sin seduce their wits,
Or germs are battling at cross purposes,
Not fields of ice they see, but bunkers, pits;
Nor Gyas then can make them whiz.

To-day a pretty maid allured my foe,
And, in despite, my baby caddy played —
So well he sunk me in a muck of woe;
Old Age is not of willow made.

THE PURITANS

THAT noble band — a tale too seldom told! —
Who shook the dust of kingdoms from their feet
And faced the night were pick of Britain's fold,
The kin of Hampden and the world's élite.

Freedom to bare their faces to their God,
And rule themselves, their consciences and swords, —
This was their shibboleth; they spurned a sod
Denied it; cast their lots with tufted hordes;

But bore the church and schoolhouse on their heads
And read their Bibles by the pine-knot's flame;
Aye, faced the scalping knife to win a name
Is hall-marked in the halls our Saviour treads;

Stood, gun in hand, while Hunger fed the mind,
With ne'er a wish a peacock's plume to find.

POLE - MADNESS

“**I!** I discovered the Pole!”
“My! But there is no Pole!”
“No, I discovered the hole
Where the pole would have stood
Had the pole been of wood.”
“You silly monk, all you have done
Is find a midnight sun.”

AUGUST

TIS the time when the katydid shouts to his mate
And the grasshopper clambers outside of his
shell,
And the Sun God is robed in his crimson of state
And the cicada calls from the depths of the well.

Salamanders we are as we fan ourselves hot
And smile at the face in the end of the pot,
And wish that some devil who knows how to swear
Would swear till a blizzard had frozen the air.

THE BONE - SETTER

THE BONE - SETTER

HE stood at the portal of death and he shouted,
“ Deliver ; ” I opened my purse with a groan ;
And 'twas so when our guards and our camels were
routed

And the Bedouins anchored our feet to a stone

And rifled us down to the gold in our teeth ;
But not so in the days and the ways that are fled !
When the sufferer lay like a corpse on the heath
'Twas his doublet he gave him to pillow the head.

DARK LANTERNS

I HAVE a friend who lends me ghastly books,
Books smell of sin and stale philosophy,
With big-browed words and fierce and owlish looks
Which from high battlements and steeples cry ;

I sometimes toil and sweat and snooze through
This jungle of dry bones to reach some hill,

THE PRIZE - FIGHTERS

And wonder if the skies above are blue
And if the glorious sun is shining still;

A ray at times will sneak across my mind
And ask what kind of springs can feed this well?
If Truth has fled and left its skin behind?
Or has Agnosticism naught to tell?

For sweetest perfumes grow where sunlight shines
Parnassian waters seek Castalian springs.
The richest ores are found in placer-mines,
And Ajax's shaft the bow of steel 'tis flings.

THE PRIZE - FIGHTERS

BIG Bill and Teddy,
The faithless and the true,
The fat and ever ready,
And how the feathers flew!

Bill slugged and slugged
But mostly slugged the air;
He scratched sometimes, and hugged,
And sometimes fought unfair;

CLAY GODS

And once he hit a post,
Hit once beneath the belt;
That mountain was no ghost!
But he some bruises felt.

For nimble-fisted Ted
Was like a saucy fly,
Now on his nob or head,
Now closing up an eye;

And as for punishment,
That iron-moulder's fist
When it a Spartan sent
That rolled Ted to a twist,

He bounded like a ball;
A game-cock, so they said,
Had plucked a dunghill fowl;
Ye gods, and how he bled!

CLAY GODS

THE vitriol of life is politics,
The madness of the under dog to gnash
The mastiff's throat! Oh, how we love the clash
Of bullies, shillelahs' play and quartersticks!

THE OWL'S COURT

The hush of battleships, the clang of sports,
The noiseless thunder of defiances,
Hot bombs and cannon shots from paper forts;
Mad shrieks of rage at foes' alliances;
This babel drowns the tread of Science's feet,
Howls down the silver rustling of the pen;
We love so well these bellowings in the street,
These frog-pond croakings of our tadpole men,

This Boanerges storming Clamor's gate,
We hear no music save this noise of State.

THE OWL'S COURT

MY Lord! My Lord! We pray your nod,
my Lord; —
That Fortune slew — 'twill save the brand of
Cain;
'Tis thus those big-wigs beg the pundit's word
About that tragedy that smote the main;

For days, aye, weeks, they lash that arctic sea
With words and beat to froth those icy waves
Had raged like Tritons 'gainst the iceberg's lea
Where lay those Titans in their piteous graves;

SUN - SICK

But why this frog-pond tempest? tell us why
Those ravens caw so to that big-browed owl?
Is it they love to hear the raven cry
Or do they hope to ape the surges' howl?

For well, too well, we heard that plaintive wail
That like a diapason smote the world;
And Argus and Briareus the tale
In thunder tones from shore to shore have hurled.

SUN - SICK

OUR charger is bounding from out the red East,
Headed straight for the stalls of the Sun;
He is champing his bits, churning seas into yeast,
Kicking spray from his heels as we run;

And dozens, aye, hundreds, are up on his back,
With their eyes on their homes in the West;
And we rowel his sides, and we give him a crack,
And show him no mercy nor rest;

We are sick, ghastly sick of the pap of the East,
Of its dirt and its darkies and heat,
And tired of riding a ramshackle beast
With no padding to soften the seat;

BRINGING THE GOOD TO GOD

And sick, too, of beef from a buffalo's flanks,
Sick of fruits with the flavor of sand,
Sick of making a mule of an artisan's shanks
To traverse a sun-stricken land,

And long for the wines of a forest-fed spring
And a wind with the frost in its mouth;
Oh, give us a snow-field where sleigh-bells can sing!
We are sun-sick! We hate the hot South!

BRINGING THE GOOD TO GOD

WE prate of piety; we plume
Ourselves with peacock creeds;
We call the Chinese heathen; fume
To clear God's acres of its weeds;

A convert costs a captain's pay;
But still we pass the hod,
And still the tender-hearted pray
To bring the good to God

Yet wonder how they can be good,
Be true and brotherly,
And marvel how their state has stood
On cold philosophy;

THE FOOT OF ADAM

And what it was Confucius taught
Could keep them so at peace
While we were throat-cutting and fought
Our brothers' backs to fleece?

No dogma is a panacea;
There is one God for all!
'Tis greed, unrighteousness and fear
That causes man to fall.

THE FOOT OF ADAM

THE foot of Adam, Moslems say,
But Buddhists say by Buddha done,
Has left its imprint plain as day
Across the pathway of the Sun.

And pilgrims climb that pious peak; —
Old centuries have scanned their feet! —
And mid the clouds its impress seek
That they may Man's first father greet.

An iron ladder and a chain —
By, legends say, young Macedon —
Helps neophytes that shrine to gain
Upon that Athos of Ceylon.

THE SPHINX

And can these soothsayers say wrong?
Still, none can doubt the Ages' eyes
Have seen and sung in siren song
That footprint in the frozen skies.

THE SPHINX

SILENCE! and hewn in stone!
As passionless as sand;
The desert is your throne,
Your crown the Ages' brand!

No miracle of art
Forged in Prometheus' heart;
'Tis size that makes you great
And clothes you with your robe of state,
And Age 'tis lends you Grandeur's power;
But Age can gild a Druid tower.

Bedizened with a crimson praise
As if you were Apollo's care
And not alone the Ages' heir
No thrill of pride you raise,
Nor can a lover ever feel
That Joy along his senses steal
That gazes on a Phidian face;
A Behemoth, without one grace!

ROME A KALEIDOSCOPE

WHAT Roman does not love his Alban Hills?
Here Alba Longa lived, his Mother Eve;
And 'twas the dews that filled her fertile rills,
So Delphi said, would Veii's scepter reave.

The Sun, all day, has trod those spectral heights
And fashioned footsteps out of lights and shades,
Although the storm-king has bedimmed the lights
Below till Peter's golden glory fades.

Frascati, thence I scanned the wave-washed plain.
Is there a scene of more suggestive mien?
In Time's long night how oft its splendors wane,
In Time's long day, how oft a silver sheen!

And what is more like life's kaleidoscope?
For here are Birth and Death, Heaven, Hell and
Hope.

XANTHIPPE

A YE, sting him with a viper's tongue!
For Tyranny the heart will freeze;
Forget his genius! 'tis not young;
And keep your lion at your knees.

His earlier bride was Frailty's dove,
And loved delights the twilight brings,
And loved with Pan o'er downs to rove
And list to Sylvia's silver wings.

But your hand strikes a sterner lyre,
A geyser from Vesuvian zones,
Where sulphurs gush from sizzling stones
And Aetna 'tis directs the choir.

How Clytie trembled at her shade!
Xanthippe! She's of lava made.

LAND WHERE ALL LOOK SAD

OLD India's serfs are sons of Gloom,
And black with color as with cloud;
They seem like men who haunt a tomb,
With faces wrapt in mildew's shroud.

And here God's image is so scorned
'Tis mated with the ox and ass
And almost brays, is almost horned,
And with the beast and snail must class.

'Tis Caste has laid this Eden waste,
And Toil has ground their faces thin;
Weighted their feet, as if some sin
So burdened them they could not haste.

What! have they left all hope behind?
Is there no joy that Day can find?
And has their Dawn no rosy light?
Is Twilight but Cimmerian Night?

Could there have been some former state,
Some crime that forged an endless chain,
That Fate should so their backs berate
And stay that peace their hearts would feign?

THE MAJESTY OF LAW

And did that crime so choke that life
That it chokes this till day is done ?
And is Eternity an endless strife,
Where Sin ne'er sees the setting sun ?

And must life's millstones grind and grind
And grind so fine all joy is crushed ?
And will Futurity be never kind ?
And must Day's voices all be hushed ?

Can no repentance cure that vice ?
And must sin gnaw till strength is spent,
And cheat them with some new device ?
Will Sadness never fold its tent ?

THE MAJESTY OF LAW

THE mills of Law grind fine ! grind sure but slow !
For some decades my hand has turned a crank
And ground some wheaten grists and ought to know.

A battery upon a foeman's flank
Will startle Terror ; so a battleship,
When guns are shouting thunders, spouting shells,
Will seize a nation in a Gorgon's grip
And fright her with Golgotha's deadly spells ;
Vesuvius and Earthquake's lurid hells
Hang ghastly horrors upon Nature's lip.

SUFFRAGE IN CALIFORNIA

But Law's cothurnus has a slower pace,
Her lightnings foot it with a statelier trip;
And ye who gaze upon her lordly face
Will see Jove's might, his majesty and grace.

SUFFRAGE IN CALIFORNIA

YOU'VE heard from California and what the
women did?

They know a polecat's plumage before they catch his
smell!

There's something in a woman's eye — not reason, but
'tis quid! —

Knows blubber isn't brain-cell, and knows it mighty
well.

Those girls of California! Oh, they're the girls of old!
A little pert, and not so slick as Philadelphia maids,
But when a cowboy has a heart that's of the finest gold
Their mouths are in a pucker before his pucker fades.

No buttered smiles, nor sugared wiles, nor elephantine
size

Can fool the Sunset maiden, — she knows a buzzard
flies, —

'Tis Teddy, her dear Teddy, can make those fishes rise!
And the way they rolled the vote up brought tears to
Teddy's eyes.

BORN WITH FEET

BORN WITH FEET

HOW lucky we were born with feet,
Trouper and I!
Our friends make whirlpools of our street,
Crazy to fly;

They scorn the sports of older ken
And hate to tramp;
Let's show these monkeys we are men!
Come on, you scamp!

THE FACULTY OF SEEING

THE genius and the fool are one in birth;
The faculty of seeing stamps their worth;
One sees a chariot in a two-wheeler cart,
A cart the other sees and naught apart.

Our world has many avenues to joy;
To see them is the essence of our being;
The wise man treads the same trail as the boy;
What makes him wise? This faculty of seeing!

BORN TO A THRONE

NO baby should play with the thunders of state!
'Tis a trust for the people, an engine too great
To be put in the hands of a plaything of Fate!

Oh, the fever we feel when he comes to the throne,
And feel till we know that his pride is full blown!
Should Phaeton gambol with Jupiter's own?

For the hand at the helm should be that of a master;
He sails the state true and he sails the state faster
Than one who was born to command a two-master.

What Nestor his fortune would trust in the hands
Of an urchin is heir of some lord of big lands?
His nights would be nightmares and smell of the
sands!

And who can have wisdom unless he is knowing?
And knowing we know is a fountain o'erflowing,
But not from a stripling whose whiskers are growing.

THE CURATE

OH, why, pray why so stupid in your gown,
So wise when we are romping on the hill?
Why prate of nothings like a country clown,
But all our idle hours with knowledge fill?

Is there some priestly custom sets your pace?
Or does some wall of China hedge your mind?
Or is your heart unfitted for this race?
That heart so large it holds all human kind!

The Church! 'twas once the lord of earth and hell,
And man, poor man, a creeping, crawling thing;
He now drinks buckets-full from knowledge's well
And England's monarch is but Fashion's king.

Should we sit down when in the Church's walls,
Queen Mab would weave her web across our eyes;
"Stand up, my people!" then the curtain falls;
To keep awake we weary men must rise.

Come! Come! to Dullness, Moonshine give a sop,
And let the Church outrun the cloister's goal!

MAIDENHOOD

Don't snuff your talents with a candle top!
Our minds, our minds! Feed them and feed the
soul!

MAIDENHOOD

UNMARRIED is arrested growth,
An undeveloped maidenhood,
Tho' oft 'tis happier than bridal troth;
No maid has e'er on Pisgah stood.

No maid has at the cradle heard
The sweetest word the tongue can say;
Ne'er heard Hyperion's plighted word
Nor seen Love's noblest empire gleam;
Nor has she held that hand of clay
Against her breast and seen her gorgeous dream
Fade like mirage across Sahara's sand,
Break like a mirror in her hand.

The mountain and the moorland are akin,
Both children of one mother Earth;
Diana on the moorland dwells
And ne'er essays Andean steeps
Nor treads Tartarean hells;
Ne'er drinks the agonies of birth

JACK KETCH STILL LIVES

To hear that cry — sweeter than wedding bells! —
And at her breast young Lycidas ne'er sleeps;
Sweet Echo ne'er awakes her with his din;
With Niobe she never weeps.

I oft have pondered on the sins of wives;
First Jealousy, then Empire rules their lives.

JACK KETCH STILL LIVES

YES, Men of Ulster, paper armies muster,
And snort and squeal and bellow out a noise.
Keep up this pigmy game of brag and bluster,
Parade great Ulster's streets with wooden toys!
Jack Ketch — forget it not! — still lives.

Defy the Government with bloody words
And proclamations, stuffed with froth and wind,
And tie Rebellion's rag to willow swords;
Let Britain's glorious standard trail behind!
Jack Ketch — forget it not! — still lives.

A standard of a thousand years is ours;
Majorities, 'tis, make their will the law.
'Tis roses, thistles, shamrocks are Love's flowers:
Have you e'er felt a blow from a lion's paw?
Jack Ketch — forget it not! — still lives.

AN ASSASSIN

I WAS Patroclus, aye, his dearest friend;
He trusted me as brother trusts a brother;
There were no courtesies fond hearts could lend
We did not lend to one another.

He needed me; he was in sore distress;
For rebels hounded him from far and near,
And cutthroats, bandits, too, around him press
And Murder hisses in his ear.

I swore I would defend him with my life
And make Rebellion's scarecrows chew the dust:
And then I slew him! Had he been my wife
I had not dealt a viler thrust.

Those three and thirty daggers! Julius' ghost!
They stare their bony fingers full at me!
Is there a hell? Then on a spit I roast;
My gory hands would stain a sea.

SPALPEENS

SPALPEENS

OUR maids are good of heart and hand,
But oh, the scalawags our neighbors bring
Sometimes! a blot upon the land;
Their Bowery manners, how they fling
At our gray heads!
They stain the grass; the birds won't sing;
Our giant oaks like mourners stand: —
Did Nature make this thing?
They ask: whence came this brazen brand?

All day they dawdle, waiting for the night,
Then swarm like locusts on the Nile
For cards and gossip and a fight
Kilkennean, bog-trotter style.

GALLANTRY

IF women only knew — but some do know —
The heart of man, its springs of gallantry,
It cannot be their hearts would run so slow;
For wings would shoe their feet so eagerly!

'Twas this threw Raleigh's cloak before his queen ;
It made the noble Essex her true knight ;
It clad those cavaliers in kingly mien ;
It gave Plantagenet his lion might ;

And of man's very being 'tis a part,
It is its essence ; 'tis his very soul ;
'Tis half of love, and oft it rules his heart
And leads its vassal to the bridal goal ;

It takes the maiden by the manly hand,
And leads her 'cross the brook upon dry stones ;
This brings a chair while tired feet will stand ;
It bears a heavier burden than it owns ;

And when some great ship founders it will die
That she — a waif upon life's sea — may live ;
Oh ! if ye knew the witchery of a sigh,
The heart that gives because it loves to give !

Where Womanhood is sovereign 'tis good-by
To Gallantry ! another code must then
Prevail ; good-by to Sympathy's sweet sigh !
Love's paradise can be a tiger's den.

THE DEAD FINANCIER

BIG both in Mind and Field,
He marshaled cohorts of Big Industries
Like Alexander's phalanxes;
Shoulder to shoulder, shield to shield,
They fought the infantry with frowning front
Till competition staggered at the brunt.

His nod was Jove's; now prices soar like kites;
Men say old Nestor has returned to earth,
For now a giant 'tis that smites,
A Titan with a Titan's girth.

But who defies the people long and lives?
Did not Marengo's son die in a cage,
An eagle struck and sating of his rage?
Reading the cryptograph that Delphi gives
He saw his pyramids by lightning hit —
From dome to basement split! —
An angry nation summoned from the sky,
Folded his tent and laid him down to die.

STYLE IS HALF THE MAN

WE love the classic writers. Why?
Because they talk so well;
And if they walk or run or fly,
It is their style will tell.

Pedants to awful Plato kneel,
Whose tongue is Greek to me,
And this is why that awe we feel
Which makes us bend the knee.

But read him in our native tongue,
His politics should light our fires,
'Tis garbage for an office cat;
But oh, his style! This is the lyre's!
His rhetoric is Age grown young, —
A god would talk like that.

In childish days we learn to worship him
From grown-up children who have learned the
same,
And so a perfume hangs about his name,
A halo round a childish whim.

MAN'S FAIREST GRACE

And yet 'tis Greece that plumes our wing,
Her artist's eye its texture hems;
The Rhine, the Rhone, the Volga, Thames,
All flow from her Castalian spring.

MAN'S FAIREST GRACE

A HEART; the fairest grace God gives to
Man!

Give him all Bacon's wit, but give no heart,
Man is a monolith, a Caliban,
Half monster and half man, a thing apart.

'Tis Nature's gift, as are our eyes and faces;
An ass must bray, for he was born for braying;
Man is no fungus growing on the races,
He comes from eggs long Ages have been laying.

Hearts marshal to their music troops of friends;
They give Love's mystic thread the strength of
steel;
The heart unto the cottar's cabin sunshine lends
And makes the chateau human longings feel;

And when pale Grandeur crawls towards its grave
It bids the hand of Childhood bring him flowers;
It gilds anew the laurels of the brave;
It leads pale Poverty through purple bowers.

THE TE DEUM

THE TE DEUM

A THOUSAND years! Ten centuries —
Help us, O God, their import gauge! —
Have heard these soul-inspiring cries
From week to week, and age to age.

Holy, O holy, holy Lord,
Hear Thou the martyrs' hymns of praise,
And see the saints revere the Word;
Thy people, Lord, vouchsafe to raise!

Have mercy on us, King of Glory!
The cherubim and seraphs cry.
And they know well the well-worn story
That like frankincense woos the sky.

FORTUNE - HUNTERS

WHEN creditors grew too importunate
And forums howled with hungry dervishes,
The Senate gave patrician buccaneers
A charter; by its favor they could loot

FORTUNE - HUNTERS

Whole provinces of heirlooms, gilded wealth,
And send to Rome to fill those greedy maws.

'Twas when the beardless Cæsar squandered lacs
To feed the mob and teach Rome's slums to sing
His plaudits, fealties, and Titan lusts;
And when the skies rained on the Pontifex
Black debts and crowds pressed round the Ves-
tals' doors

Until their hinges groaned, the Senate sent
This Alcibiades — her maids' and matrons'
pride! —

He in whose brain surged many a Marius! —
Away to Further Gaul and bade him stay
And dull Ambition's sword upon that horde
Of savages.

There were no cities, shrines
To sack, nor jewels, chalices to filch;
And so the prisoners he took he bound,
Marched home and sold in Roman market-places;
'Twas thus those prowling creditors were stilled
And Rome was sugar-fed like Sybarites.
'Twas Crassus rifled Asia; and Verres did
Sicilians, as Rome's least mortal mind
Has thundered in the ears of earth's last sons.

Nor were these first of all Barabbas' kin;
Their ancestors were those old demigods,
The Argonauts, who filched the Golden Fleece

From where great Caucasus salutes the Morn,
Young Jason, Hercules, Dioscuri; —
Fair Helen's kin, whose frailty sacked old Troy.

But brigands there have been since Hercules;
And still the hungry hunt goes on!
That Argonaut who India sought and found
The Indies and Caribbea's tongueless sea
Hied Cortez on to Montezuma's halls;
'Twas here this greed for pelf piled Aztecs
In windrows like bearded wheat too early ripe;
This glutton-greed, too, oped those Inca mines
Pizarro sacked with vandalism's hand,
Where Titicaca blisters in the sun.

But bandits have been fleecing lambs since then!
For did not Britain find those golden sands
Columbus' telescope had failed to see?
Grim harpies! they have plucked a sovereign
billion
From India's pale and famished myrmidons;
See Crispin cringe at Hunger's buzzard claw!
And Famine creep like cobras on all fours,
Where Plenty stalked with supercilious airs!

She gives them, true! a line of bayonets
While filching lacs from fever-famished hordes,
But Toil goes begging, hat in hand,
To find an obolus for Charon's fee.

OUR OLD MASTER

DEAR Childhood Days! Your ghosts come
back sometimes

As sweet siroccos come from scented isles,
From far Ceylon or from the spicy climes
Which greet the God of Day with eager smiles!

One comes to-day on Memory's fleeting breath,
A spirit with a saintly mien and face
Has been long hid behind the mists of Death.
'Tis he who helped Ambition set its pace

And helped us neophytes to try our wings
As mothers teach young linnets how to fly,
And told us, too, where flow the purest springs
And when the tempest thunders in the sky.

Is there, Great God, within yon realm of dreams,
A paradise where we shall meet again,
An Eden yonder where the sunset gleams,
And has it fragrant meads and many a glen?

Oh, then, dear Father, let us see our friend!
For Learning ne'er a sweeter father knew,
Nor gentler gard'ner helped a twig to bend
Nor knew a path where redder roses grew.

A ROMAN.

I AM a Roman! So a Roman said
When some one asked him if he knew the way
Whose feet to Vesta's ancient temple led:
How Romans roll their R's when Rome they say!

And why not! She's imperial! eternal!
Ask Egypt where was Karnac, where was Thebes;
And Babylon, where is your pride supernal?
And Syracuse; do not the plowman's glebes
Cut wrinkles in your face? Save where that tomb
Has buried earth's best sons in earth's worst gloom?

'Twas when God spoke He gave Rome her great
crown,
And gave her, too, her golden sky and field,
And gave her heights from whence the gods look
down,
And gave her seas perpetual harvests yield;

And gave to Italy Caucasia's face,
And such a charm that all the human race
Come here to tell their beads and from her lip
Their honey, culture, art and music sip.

A SELF - MADE QUEEN

Thou art immortal, Rome! imperial!
The vandals of each clime and every age
Have spoiled you; but you are perennial
And laugh at Death and Time and Ruin's rage.

A SELF - MADE QUEEN

AS aimless as a summer sea
Till Cupid ope'd the gates of joy,
As idle as a paper toy
And useless as a painted tree.

And in my father's house a waif
That floated on the tongueless tides;
All seas are smooth and harbors safe
Where Idleness with Pleasure rides.

But see me now and my young son!
Three years have faded into skies;
A queen I am whose courtiers run
Because my prince delights all eyes.

A PRINCE'S BATH

A PRINCE'S BATH

A BABY in his bath,
A lovely, laughing wight,
Young Motherhood to christen him,
And grandpapa
And grandmamma
To pacify his wrath
And praise each lordly whim;
Show me a sweeter sight!

BELLING THE CAT

OUR linnet sings the livelong day
Except when Grizzly comes his way.
How can a bird — or rat, for that —
Be safe except we bell our cat?

THE KITE - FLYERS

HERE all the boys, their fathers, too,
Are flying kites, their sisters and their
brothers;

The very air is red or blue!

Some kites are sailing top-mast high, and others
Are diving, ducking, swinging, swaying
Like some corvette with free-wind sailing;

Now, one is tumbling in the race
As if some sprinter fell upon his face,
And one is reeling 'round a tree
As if a priest were on a spree.

Kites, too, are flying in a London street,
And of a texture quite as thin;
They tumble, too; some, too, the peeler greet:
Kite-flying, then's, a sin.

NUGGETS GROUND TO SAND

I MET some soldiers in the woolly West,
Big, husky lads, well bronzed by sun and air. —
But cockatrices in an Eagle's nest! —
Were marching, counter-marching, here and there;

And when they stretched out 'neath the sun to fry,
I tried to learn the chemic secret why
Life's golden nuggets were reduced to dross;
What fate, what fortune, had constrained this loss;

Adventure, some; some disappointment, said;
And one forsook his mother and his home
Because a maid threw ashes on his head;
And some were birds of passage and must roam;

And one young Bayard loved so well his land
He thought, poor fool! his love was best exprest
By grinding life's rare nuggets into sand
Instead of feathering for himself a nest.

FORGING THUNDERBOLTS

THE sun is drawing up the veil from Dawn,
And we are struggling in Charybdis' throes;
Great Aetna's flues are smoking; the brawn
Of Vulcan raking down his fires; the woes

Of Cyclops are beginning their day's toil;
For Jove, in need of thunderbolts, a score,
Had sent his herald to Sicilia's shore;
And he, emerging from the soot and moil,

Just now for high Olympus spreads his wings;
Ere long the furnaces are spouting flame!
Ere long I hear Cyclopean hammers ring!
For now those smiths the lightning's will would
tame

And chain it to the sleeping trident's prong
To wait beside Jove's throne and punish Wrong.

BLOOD

BLOOD

BLOOD! Blood! Ye specters of the Night,
To think of you degrades the soul!
To gloat is Hell's delight,
Thou chamberlain of Death's Long Roll!

A butcher came to kill our pig —
Sweet scavenger of milk and corn! —
Hirsute as they, for filth loves filth;
Man is a growing twig,
Improved, degraded some by tilth,
And craves the slums where he was born.

Butchers of men — coarse-livered brutes! —
Devour what their digestion suits.

THE CROSS IN THE SKY

MARCHING on to Rome
Constantine the True,
Emperor by right,
Conqueror by might,

KATHERINE

Saw a golden cross
Hung within the dome,
Gleaming through the blue;

Heard a mighty voice
Bid him make his choice,
Scorn the Pagan's frown,
Scorn the Pagan dross,
Don the Christian crown;

Kneeling, spoke the vow;
Kneeling, took the veil.
Soon all kingdoms bow;
'Gainst God can naught prevail.

KATHERINE

KATHERINE? Yes, Thracian, too,
A Diomed of mettle true!
Many a time her white winged feet
Have made a maze of our village street;
Many a time for a twenty mile
This queen of the turf has made me smile;
Many a boy and many an eye
Has tiptoe stood when she flew by —
And many a head from a window peered

HENS AND CHICKENS

And thought from her hurry some Death was
feared.

Good-by, fair maid! And where you dwell, —
Elysium ever, and never hell! —

My Pegasus lives; and give him a neigh,
For thoroughbreds ever a welcome say.

HENS AND CHICKENS

“**P**RAY, why are you a poet, old and gray,
Whose hands are hanging to the heels of
Day;

With manuscripts a score
That from your heart you tore;
Now breaking sods and brooding hens
And herding chickens in strange pens?”

My secret? Well, 'tis yours, my friend!
I cannot eat my lands, but they can lend
Me cash to plume my books;
For you must know that Mammon looks
Askance at all the scribbler-trade;
Ill-fed, ill-clad, ill-paid
This Empress of all Arts!

These men who bare their hearts
And beat their throbbing brains

A RAILROAD KING

Against Borean gales and winter rains —
Too proud to beg, except it be
An obolus from Fame! —
They little gain except a name
To hang on some ancestral tree.

Like sailors and the lunatic,
They have small craft
To nurse them when the soul is sick
Or lucre pluck from Fortune's hands.

Barabbas ever at the crossroads stands
To filch the golden fleece
And wing the brigand's shaft;
Nor are there e'en Tarpean geese
To warn the warder when he sleeps;
And this is why a poet chickens keeps.

A RAILROAD KING

THERE have been Czars with lightnings
less than mine,
And Czars would stagger with the load I bore;
My Empire was the rocks and that thin line
Of ribbon, dynamite that tore

MY BABIES

A speedway for an iron-horse's feet
Beneath a mighty river's bed,
And cut a granite street
From mainland to that island led,
Is regent of a continent;
Whose Gemignano towers
Proclaim the Dawn,
Defy an earthquake's powers,
Assert a giant's brawn.
And 'twas my eagle eye that sent
The footsteps of a nation
Through ways that find a nation's station.

MY BABIES

MY books are my babies!
They're dumb and they're blind,
Not gracious like ladies,
But never unkind!

I sing to them often
And show them my heart;
But their hearts never soften,
Nor know they the art

Of winning my favor
By sweet, little acts
Of sympathy's savor;
And yet they ne'er tax

My patience by doing,
By brewing and saying,
By courting and wooing,
And cruelly flaying.

ET PRAETEREA NIHIL

FOR he was good and gray, some say,
And some have called that saw a singer;
Frogs sing towards the close of day,
And wasps can whistle with their stinger.

But filth is his chief claim to fame;
Should Milton hear that joiner's name
Among the groves of sweet Parnassus,
You'd hear the welkin groan: God bless us.

BIRTH

WE are what we are born.
For ages ancestors
Were making us; a thorn
Is still a thorn. The laws
Of nature make the ore
The furnace cannot change;
'Tis iron still! The ban
Within the egg we may not know
That centuries of yore —
'Tis wondrous strange
And but the current's flow! —
Have crystallized to Man:
Yet growth is but development,
And do whate'er we can,
We can but give the rose its scent
And find the soul Jehovah sent.









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